

THE
MOUNT
OF
VISION
edited by
ADELINE CASHMORE



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THE MOUNT OF
VISION

VOLUMES IN THIS SERIES

THE MOUNT OF VISION: a Book of English Mystic Verse. Selected and arranged by ADELINE CASHMORE, with an Introduction by ALICE MEYNELL.

THE SMALL PEOPLE: a Little Book of Verse about Children for their Elders. Chosen, Edited and Arranged by THOMAS BURKE.

A COLLECTION OF BALLADS. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by ANDREW LANG.

ENGLISH SONNETS. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by A. T. QUILLER-ROUCH.

LYRICAL VERSE. Selected and Edited by OSWALD CRAWFURD. First Volume, 1558-1685.

LYRICAL VERSE. Selected and Edited by OSWALD CRAWFURD. Second Volume, 1685-1846.

THE MOUNT OF VISION

A BOOK OF ENGLISH
MYSTIC VERSE

SELECTED & ARRANGED

BY

ADELINE CASHMORE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY

ALICE MEYNELL

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A. C.

THE MYSTICAL LYRIC

ENGLISH literature, rich in love, in terror, in compassion, in gaiety, in sweetness, in human tragedy, is rich also in the divine comedy of the religious lyric. One of the truest poets of the nineteenth century has denied, in one destructive phrase, to the religious poet his high place not only in England, but in the world :

From David unto Dante none,
And none since him.

But this must be heard with indulgence ; for even so majestic a poet as Coventry Patmore does himself some wrong and has to take some pardon at our hands for too angry or even too indignant a judgment. English lyrists have not in truth lacked the love, the contrition, the mystery, or the mirth of religious poetry. They have not failed in this, wherein failure is most fatal ; they have not been content with the easy successes of the despair of love ; with the foregone conclusion of death ; with the good reasons assigned for the gathering of rosebuds while there is time ; with the song sung to the cradle "endlessly rocking," or keeping time to the march ; with the annual welcome to the spring ; with the alternate mood now of Euphrosyne, and now of solitary Saturn. They have put their diviner fortunes to the touch, they have had what the French call an *échappée* towards the yonder side of things ; have beheld and fingered with spiritual senses those symbols and similitudes which are the matters of daily life. They have remembered by day the night-mind of man, at customary noon the freshness of sunrise, and in adult days the first seven years. The skies, suns, and landscapes in their verse are rather restored than

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borrowed ; they have repaid Nature, replaced man, and reinstated the antitype.

I have used the word religious rather than mystical, not because the terms are precisely equivalent, but because the first is the safer. It is ominous to hear the name of mysticism so easily used, given and taken, without a thought of its cost. It is not long since an interesting novel appeared of which the motive and the whole subject was Mysticism. Visions were easy to come by ; and revelations, and such extreme things as "the unitive life"—things for which the Saints thought fifty years of self-conquest and self-abandonment a paltry price—were discussed as incidents of well-read aspiration. There was no mention of the first step, there was much chatter of the last. No one in the band of confident people engaged in this story in artistic work for a celestial end seemed to have entered upon the indispensable beginnings, to have overcome anything within, to have shut his mouth upon a hasty word, to have dismissed a worldly thought, to have compelled his heart to a difficult act of pardon, to have forgone beloved sleep, cherished food, conversation, sharp thoughts, or darling pride. The Saints, on the other hand, gave themselves to that spade-work before permitting themselves so much as one credible dream.

Now it may be that the poets are to be held excused from the greater part of this saintly discipline. There is a certain measure of indulgence to be dispensed to them in requital of their song. One of the greatest of them has placed himself at the gate of a "glad palace"—a beggar with leave to look within and sing the pomp he sees. We may remember (certainly not with pride) that all kinds of impunity, if not immunity, have been proposed by critics and biographers, and the world in general, for admired poets. The cruelties of one poet, the random licence of another, the treacheries of yet another, his break-

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ing of bonds that left a fellow-creature broken—all this and more has been pardoned for the sake of a lyric ; to the degradation, at any rate, of the pardoner. It is a far lesser degree of excuse that we propose in the case of our mystic poets ; we hold them dispensed from the long and rigorous experience of their brothers, the Saints. Personal perfection of life shall be remitted to them ; they who are apt to boast of the sufferings of poetry shall be spared the infinitely greater sufferings of sanctitude. They become mystics by their genius and the divinity of their imagination.

Religious poetry had never been altogether silent ; simple-hearted allusions occur and recur throughout the Elizabethan drama. But it is in the later seventeenth century—the ripe age, the rich, the sweet and flavorful, the age of honey and fruit following the blossom—that the mystical lyric uncloses. Shall I be forgiven for omitting Milton, in his own age, from the number of mystical poets ? It is difficult to account “Paradise Lost” a mystic poem, treasury as it is of august thoughts and sentences ; and the exquisite lyrical Milton—more rightly of the seventeenth century—touches mysticism only in a passage of “Lycidas.” It is through the somewhat less conspicuous poets, who would be called “minor” by our journalists, that the seventeenth century breathes its fragrant breath and shows its visionary lights. Crashaw, Cowley (cold, unfired, but yet alight), Herbert (rather exclusively religious than inclusively mystical, yet he is of them), Donne, Vaughan, Traherne, Marvell (who is a mystic of natural rather than preternatural things), and Lovelace were among those who brought poetry and sanctity to meet.

The seventeenth century, it may be said in passing, which saw the world, “flown with insolence and wine,” exalted at Versailles and at Whitehall, saw the world renounced, denied, flouted, set at naught, in the hiding-

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places of obscure holy ones, mystics but by no means poets, grown more numerous as the age grew garish and triumphant. They had never been lacking. In every background of the battles of the Middle Ages, when war was in the streets of cities that were in themselves so many divided nations; in every background of the pageants of the Renaissance, lurked a mystic Saint. The famous families might possess one of their own: a man of seraphic soul, insatiable of labour, who bore the abominable name of Borgia; a woman insatiable of righteousness, who bore the turbulent name of Pazzi; a cousin, niece, aunt, cloistered within the very heart of intrigue, revelry, and strife, to whom man and woman fled for pity or for comfort when fortune rebuked them, or their loves and hates were too tangled for release. In outer darkness and inner light, bound hand and foot by inexplicable distress and disease, but wandering the heights and abysses in ecstasy and trance, these sacred creatures hide themselves in penance and fast and poverty in the middle of the gold and beauty and song of those resplendent ages; little sequestered oracles of God. They never fail, throughout the riotous centuries; but in the seventeenth, when sins and crimes grow more flippant than passionate, and rather ironical than tragic, they—withdrawn from a laughing world—increase in numbers and redouble in sanctity. They are no longer, as in the Middle Ages, in danger of honour. They are allowed to hide themselves in very truth. Their feats, the terrible successes of their sufferings, no longer greatly interest the world in the pauses of its loves and wars. Safe in disrespect, secluded and secure in oblivion, these mystics are recorded; they lived alone in pain and died of joy, alone, and little note was taken of them except by subsequent canonisations. In Italy, in Spain, in France, in Belgium, the hasty survey made by Huysmans in his “*Sainte Lydwine*” shows us seventeen of these (he is considering women only) in the century of

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Vaughan and Crashaw—far more than in the age of Chaucer—against four in the age of Pope and of Gray; and then again fourteen in the age of Shelley and Wordsworth. Nation answers nation; and while these great experimentalists the Saints underwent the life of self-conquest, slowly attaining at last to that “unitive life” which seems about to become the slang of studios; while they grew perfect in difficulty and earned their visions through dereliction and spoliation of the heart—superstitious nuns of Latin race, let us call them if we can—the English poets broke through time and were excused a novitiate, and made free at once to see and sing “the pomp” of spiritual pleasures. The Restoration needed the Saints and the poets it did not greatly value. George Herbert left his lovely MSS. long unprinted; Vaughan succeeded in hiding himself so well that makers of some of the best anthologies of English lyrical poetry in the later middle of the nineteenth century were hardly aware of him. Where did Wordsworth make that great spiritual acquaintance? For the “Ode on the Intimations of Immortality” is the work of Vaughan as much as of Wordsworth, or more than of Wordsworth. Vaughan not only set the sun of dreams in the heavens, he also set the child in the midst of humankind.

In Vaughan’s life and in Traherne’s we find two most important boyhoods, conscious of the joys of their innocence, conscious of the landscape and of the afterwards unrecoverable illumination of early heavens in childish eyes. These conditions they remembered, and such memories cannot be cherished but in seclusion. Traherne so sequestered his tender genius that we have only now become the heirs of his riches and of their usufruct. Some lesson of the sanctitude of saints these two at least had learnt. It is not to Crashaw, Herbert, Traherne, or Vaughan that the dispensation here suggested needs to be assigned. Let us keep that evasion and excuse for more

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modern men, and recognise in the profane poet who is also a "mystic" an advantage granted him in the counsels of the generosity of God.

The mystical spirit manifests itself in the love-poems and nature-poems of that luminous century. To us, in our dailiness and common degree of spiritual health, there seems to be something of slight delirium in the visionary mind and visionary eyes, in the exaltation of all the senses, especially this of sight, in the poetry of the seventeenth-century mystics. If it is the quality of delirium or of dreams, it is yet strangely evident in the very common-places of their poems. The rehearsal of the customary reproach to an inconstant mistress takes an august tone in Campion's solemn verse :

When thou must home to shades of underground,
And there arrived, a new-admired guest—

and the same much-accustomed rebuke sounds thus majestic and mysterious in the stanza of Carew beginning :

When thou, poor Excommunicate
From all the joys of love—

Here is the mystic spirit fallen in love, and brooding solemnly and sullenly in the lights and glooms of passionate dreams. And here again is the noble and mystical Marvell :

My love is of a birth as rare
As 'tis, for object, strange and high.

.

Magnanimous despair alone
Could show me so divine a thing.

Elsewhere it is the mystical spirit in love with Nature. We have to acknowledge this slight delirium to be the wildness not of disease, but of a further, more delicate, and more rapturous health. Marvell's garden offers him

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not only the nectarine and curious peach, but a garden-ecstasy :

Casting the body's vest aside
My soul into the boughs does glide
There, like a bird it sits and sings,
Then whets and claps its silver wings,
And, till prepared for longer flight,
Waves in its plumes the various light.

Even the Cavalier poet, Lovelace, is a mystical poet in the lovely lines "To Lucasta paying her obsequies to the chaste memory of my dearest cousin, Mrs. Bowes Barne," and in those to "A guiltless Lady penanced." It is perhaps the ardent love of chastity that gives to these two poems the transcendence so separating them from all ignoble life. It is to the tenderness yet the austerity of morning that Crashaw offers his "Satisfaction [as we should say his excuse or apology] for Sleep." He has neglected his muse,

Whose feet can walk the Milky Way and choose
Her starry throne ;

But O thou,
Bright lady of the morn, pity doth lie
So warm in thy soft breast, it cannot die.

And all these are but poems upon human or natural things, and not, in the stricter sense of the beautiful collection before me, religiously mystical poems. In citing them my object has, I think, been clear. I have led the reader on the seventeenth-century road from the bower of Campion's love to the forest and the heavens of Traherne's adoration, from glow to glow, and from tenderness to tenderness ; from the body earlier called "the soul's dark cottage" to the risen body of Vaughan's immortal childhood. For it is of the later seventeenth century that mystery and mysticism in the religious sense

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are so clearly characteristic. The earlier years of that age have the Elizabethan quality, the single-heartedness, a kind of adult innocence even in the savage tragedies of almost incontinent passion; a simplicity of intellect. It is as the age warms and sweetens, is reddened and gilded, towards the wheat-harvest and the apple-harvest, that the great consciousness of mysticism transforms the world, all its colours and all its lights; but this only for a little time. Although Vaughan and Traherne lived to the verge of the eighteenth century, that age last named had virtually set in before the signature of the centuries changed. The Milton of the lyrics is a seventeenth-century poet albeit not a mystic; the Milton of the epics is, except in a few passages, prophetically an eighteenth-century poet; Dryden—it is difficult to realise—lived only to see the new age appear, but he was of that new age. Addison, from head to feet a representative of the eighteenth century, its own man, yet lived no more than nineteen years of it. Therefore, with Elizabeth at one hand and Anne at the other, we have to concentrate our most glorious and most spiritual seventeenth century upon not many years, not many men. About those years, about those men, there is no question; they are virtually the canonised ones of our literature.

Let it stand, however, as a sign of the irony of human things that those great mystics—I had almost written those greater mystics—the authors of the Scottish and Border ballads, have neither name nor date. In making an anthology of the most perfect poetry of our language, and having to place those wonderful mystical poems, "The Lyke-wake Dirge" and the "Wife of Usher's Well," and the others almost their equals, according to some chronological system, I gathered them into the seventeenth-century fold at a venture, but left that great song of insanity, "Tom o' Bedlam," to career
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outside, between the sixteenth century and the seventeenth.

And after the seventeenth century the mystical poetry vanishes so quickly and so completely that our wonder is great to find the temper of a national literature thus almost suddenly altered. Mystery and mysticism fly on a sudden from poetry and prose, and, between Vaughan and Blake, hide who knows in what childish and inarticulate hearts, for our poetry has no more of them. The wonder of the passing of nearly a century so vacuous of mystical meaning is less than the wonder of the passing of Prior, the passing of Johnson, of Gray—the world, that is, the world, whether flippant, or reasonable, or rhetorical, the alien world—between the last note of Vaughan and the first note of Wordsworth. These two virtually touch one another so nearly. The eighteenth century was not without poetic aspiration. It excited itself to a “noble rage ;” and “madness” and “madding” were words of its poetic vocabulary. Its eye rolled, and it put straws in its hair—nay, straws in its periwig—but it had no delirium of rapturous health.

Blake, Wordsworth, Coleridge—in whose “Ancient Mariner” the exaltation of the senses has a seventeenth-century delicacy and transcendence and excess—Shelley, Tennyson, Browning—in exceedingly few pages—Rossetti, Christina Rossetti—in a page or two—Patmore pre-eminently, Francis Thompson, Meredith—these are the principal mystical poets of the age just closed. It is too great a company not to leave to us a sense of solitude when they have passed. Poetry has not died with them, nor talent, nor genius, but miracles have ceased for a while.

ALICE MEYNELL.

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I. THE TRAVELLER

*Oh if we draw a circle premature,
Heedless of far gain,
Greedy for quick returns of profit, sure
Bad is our bargain !*

ROBERT BROWNING



TO CHRISTIANS

I GIVE you the end of a golden string,
Only wind it into a ball,
It will lead you in at Heaven's gate
Built in Jerusalem's wall.

WILLIAM BLAKE

THE TWO SPIRITS

FIRST SPIRIT

O H thou, who plumed with strong desire
Would float above the earth, beware !
A Shadow tracks thy flight of fire—
Night is coming !
Bright are the regions of the air,
And among the winds and beams
It were delight to wander there—
Night is coming !

SECOND SPIRIT

The deathless stars are bright above ;
If I would cross the shade of night,
Within my heart is the lamp of love,
And that is day !
And the moon will smile with gentle light
On my golden plumes where'er they move ;
The meteors will linger round my flight
And make night day.

FIRST SPIRIT

But if the whirlwinds of darkness waken
Hail and lightning and stormy rain ;
See the bounds of the air are shaken—
Night is coming !

THE MOUNT OF VISION

The red swift clouds of the hurricane
Yon declining sun have overtaken,
The clash of the hail sweeps over the plain—
Night is coming!

SECOND SPIRIT

I see the light, and I hear the sound ;
I'll sail on the flood of the tempest dark
With the calm within and the light around
Which makes night day :
And thou, when the gloom is deep and stark,
Look from thy dull earth, slumber-bound,
My moon-like flight thou then mayst mark
On high, far away.

Some say, there is a precipice
Where one vast pine is frozen to ruin
O'er piles of snow and chasms of ice
'Mid Alpine mountains ;
And that the languid storm pursuing
That winged shape for ever flies
Round those hoar branches, aye renewing
Its aery fountains.

Some say, when nights are dry and clear,
And the death dews sleep on the morass,
Sweet whispers are heard by the traveller
Which make night day :
And a silver shape like his early love doth pass
Upborne by her wild and glittering hair,
And when he awakes on the fragrant grass,
He finds night day.

P. B. SHELLEY

THE TRAVELLER

REGENERATION

A WARD, and still in bonds, one day
I stole abroad ;
It was high-Spring, and all the way
Primros'd, and hung with shade ;
Yet was it frost within :
And surly wind
Blasted my infant buds, and sin
Like clouds eclips'd my mind.
Storm'd thus, I straight perceiv'd my Spring
Mere stage and show ;
My walk a monstrous, mountain'd thing,
Rough cast with rocks, and snow ;
And as a pilgrim's eye,
Far from relief,
Measures the melancholy sky,
Then drops, and rains for grief ;
So sighed I upwards still ; at last
'Twixt steps and falls,
I reached the pinnacle, where plac'd
I found a pair of scales ;
I took them up, and laid
In th' one late pains ;
The other smoke and pleasures weigh'd
But prov'd the heavier grains.
With that, some cried, " Away " ; straight I
Obey'd and led
Full east, a fair, fresh field could spy ;
Some call'd it, Jacop's Bed ;
A virgin soil, which no
Rude feet e'er trod ;
Where—since He stept there—only go
Prophets, and friends of God.

THE MOUNT OF VISION

Here I reposed ; but scarce well set,
 A grove descried
Of stately height, whose branches met
 And mixed, on every side ;
 I enter'd, and once in,—
 Amazed to see't,
Found all was chang'd, and a new Spring
 Did all my senses greet.

The unthrifty sun shot vital gold,
 A thousand pieces ;
And heaven its azure did unfold
 Chequer'd with snowy fleeces ;
 The air was all in spice,
 And every bush
A garland wore ; thus fed my eyes,
 But all the earth lay hush.

Only a little fountain lent
 Some use for ears,
And on the dumb shades language spent
 The music of her tears ;
 I drew her near, and found
 The cistern full
Of divers stones, some bright and round,
 Others ill-shaped and dull.

The first, pray mark, as quick as light
 Danc'd through the flood ;
But th' last, more heavy than the night,
 Nail'd to the centre stood ;
 I wonder'd much, but tir'd
 At last with thought,
My restless eyes, that still desir'd,
 As strange an object brought.

THE TRAVELLER

It was a bank of flowers, where I descried,
 Though 'twas midday,
Some fast asleep, others broad-eyed,
 And taking in the ray ;
 Here musing long, I heard
 A rushing wind,
Which still increas'd, but whence it stirr'd,
 Nowhere I could not find.

I turn'd me round, and to each shade
 Dispatch'd an eye,
To see if any leaf had made
 Least motion or reply ;
 But while I list'ning sought
 My mind to ease
By knowing, where 'twas, or where not,
 It whisper'd, "Where I please."
"Lord," then said I, "on me one breath,
And let me die before my death !"

HENRY VAUGHAN

ASPIRATION

(FROM *PAULINE*)

O GOD, where do they tend—these struggling aims ?
 What would I have ? What is this "sleep" which
 seems
To bound all ? Can there be a waking point
Of crowning life ? The soul would never rule ;
It would be first in all things, it would have
Its utmost pleasure filled, but, that complete,
Commanding, for commanding, sickens it.
The last point I can trace is—rest beneath
Some better essence than itself, in weakness ;
This is "myself," not what I think should be :
And what is that I hunger for but God ?

THE MOUNT OF VISION

My God, my God, let me for once look on Thee
As though nought else existed, we alone !
And as creation crumbles, my soul's spark
Expands till I can say,—Even from myself
I need thee and I feel thee and I love thee.
I do not plead my rapture in thy works
For love of thee, nor that I feel as one
Who cannot die : but there is that in me
Which turns to thee, which loves or which should
love.

Why have I girt myself with this hell-dress ?
Why have I laboured to put out my life ?
Is it not in my nature to adore
And e'en for all my reason do I not
Feel him, and thank him, and pray to him—now ?
Can I forego the trust that he loves me ?
Do I not feel a love which only One . . .
O thou pale form, so dimly seen, deep-eyed !
I have denied thee calmly—do I not
Pant when I read of thy consummate power,
And burn to see thy calm pure truths out-flash
The brightest gleams of earth's philosophy ?
Do I not shake to hear aught question thee ?
If I am erring save me, madden me,
Take from me powers and pleasures, let me die
Ages, so I see thee ! I am knit round
As with a charm by sin and lust and pride,
Yet though my wandering dreams have seen all
shapes
Of strange delight, oft have I stood by thee—
Have I been keeping lonely watch with thee
In the damp night by weeping Olivet,
Or leaning on thy bosom, proudly less,
Or dying with thee on the lonely cross,
Or witnessing thine outburst from the tomb.

THE TRAVELLER

A mortal, sin's familiar friend, doth here
Avow that he will give all earth's reward,
But to believe and humbly teach the faith,
In suffering and poverty and shame,
Only believing he is not unloved.

ROBERT BROWNING

CLIMBING

WHEN I would get me to the upper fields,
I look if anywhere
A man be found who craves what joyance yields
The keen thin air,
Who loves the rapture of the height,
And fain would snatch with me a perilous delight.
I wait, and linger on the village street,
And long for one to come,
And say :—"The morning's bright, it is not meet
That thou the hum
Of vulgar life shouldst leave, and seek the view
Alone from those great peaks ; I surely will go too."
But not to me comes ever any man ;
Or, if he comes, dull sleep
Still thickens in his eyes, so that to scan
The beckoning steep
He has no power ; and of its scornful cone
Unconscious sits him down, and I go on alone.
Yet children are before me on the slope,
Their dew-bedabbled prints
Press the black fern-roots naked ; sunny hope
Darts red and glints
Upon their hair ; but, devious, they remain
Among the bilberry-beds, and I go on again.

THE MOUNT OF VISION

And so there is no help for it, no mate
To share the arduous way ;
Natheless I must ascend ere it grow late,
And, dim and gray,
The final cloud obstruct my soul's endeavour,
And I see nothing more for ever and for ever.
T. E. BROWN

COCK-CROWING

FATHER of Lights ! what sunny seed
What glance of day hast Thou confin'd
Into this bird ? To all the breed
This busy ray Thou hast assign'd ;
Their magnetism works all night,
And dreams of Paradise and light.

Their eyes watch for the morning-hue,
Their little grain, expelling night,
So shines and sings, as if it knew
The path into the house of light.
It seems their candle, howe'er done,
Was tinn'd and lighted at the sun.

If such a tincture, such a touch,
So firm a longing can impour,
Shall Thy Own image think it much
To watch for Thy appearing hour ?
If a mere blast so fill the sail,
Shall not the breath of God prevail.

O Thou immortal light and heat !
Whose hand so shines through all this frame,
That by the beauty of the seat,
We plainly see Who made the same :
Seeing Thy seed abides in me,
Dwell Thou in it, and I in Thee.

THE TRAVELLER

To sleep without Thee is to die ;
Yea, 'tis a death partakes of hell ;
For where Thou dost not close the eye
It never opens, I can tell.

In such a dark, Egyptian border,
The shades of death dwell, and disorder.

If joys, and hopes, and earnest throes,
And hearts, whose pulse beats still for light,
Are given to birds ; who, but Thee, knows
A love-sick soul's exalted flight ?

Can souls be track'd by any eye
But His, who gave them wings to fly ?

Only this veil which Thou hast broke,
And must be broken yet in me,
This veil, I say, is all the cloak,
And cloud that shadows Thee from me.

This veil Thy full-ey'd love denies,
And only gleams and fractions spies.

O take it off ! make no delay ;
But brush me with Thy light, that I
May shine unto a perfect day,
And warm me at Thy glorious eye !

O take it off ! or till it flee,
Though with no lily, stay with me !

HENRY VAUGHAN

MORNING

TO find the Western path,
Right thro' the Gates of Wrath
I urge my way ;
Sweet Mercy leads me on
With soft repentant moan ;
I see the break of day.

THE MOUNT OF VISION

The war of swords and spears,
Melted by dewy tears,
Exhales on high ;
The Sun is freed from fears,
And with soft grateful tears,
Ascends the sky.

WILLIAM BLAKE

THE SEARCH

'TIS now clear day : I see a rose
Bud in the bright East, and disclose
The pilgrim-sun : all night have I
Spent in a roving ecstasy
To find my Saviour ; I have been
As far as Beth'lehem, and have seen
His inn and cradle ; being there
I met the wise men, ask'd them where
He might be found, or what star can
Now point Him out, grown up a man ?
To Egypt hence I fled, ran o'er
All her parch'd bosom to Nile's shore,
Her yearly nurse ; came back, inquir'd
Amongst the doctors, and desir'd
To see the Temple, but was shown
A little dust, and for the town
A heap of ashes, where some said
A small bright sparkle was a-bed,
Which would one day—beneath the pole—
Awake, and then refine the whole.

Tir'd here, I come to Sychar ; thence
To Jacop's well, bequeath'd since
Unto his sons, where often they
In those calm, golden evenings lay
Wat'ring their flocks, and having spent

THE TRAVELLER

Those white days, drove home to the tent
Their well-fleec'd train ; and here—O fate !—
I sit, where once my Saviour sate :
The angry spring in bubbles swell'd
Which broke in sighs still, as they fill'd
And whisper'd "Jesus had been there,
But Jacop's children would not hear."
Loth hence to part, at last I rise,
But with the fountain in my eyes,
And here a fresh search is decreed ;
He must be found where He did bleed.
I walk the garden, and there see
Ideas of His agony,
And moving anguishments, that set
His blest face in a bloody sweat ;
I climb'd the hill, perus'd the cross,
Hung with my gain and His great loss :
Never did tree bear fruit like this :
Balsam of souls, the body's bliss.
But, O His grave ! where I saw lent
—For He had none—a monument,
An undefil'd and new-hew'd one ;
But there was not the corner-stone.
Sure, then said I, my quest is vain,
He'll not be found where He was slain :
So mild a lamb can never be
'Midst so much blood and cruelty.
I'll to the wilderness, and can
Find beasts more merciful than man ;
He liv'd there safe, 'twas His retreat
From the fierce Jew, and Herod's heat ;
And forty days withstood the fell
And high temptations of Hell ;
With seraphims there talk'd He,
His Father's flaming ministry ;
He heaven'd their walks, and with His eyes

THE MOUNT OF VISION

Made those wild shades a paradise :
Thus was the desert sanctified
To be the refuge of His bride.
I'll hither then ; see, it is day !
The sun's broke through to guide my way.

But as I urg'd thus, and writ down
What pleasures should my journey crown,
What silent paths, what shades, and cells,
Fair virgin-flowers, and hallow'd wells
I should rove in, and rest my head
Where my dear Lord did often tread,
Sug'ring all dangers with success—
Methought I heard one singing thus :

Leave, leave thy gadding thoughts ;
Who pores
And spies
Still out of doors,
Descries
Within them nought.

The skin and shell of things,
Though fair,
Are not
Thy wish, nor pray'r,
But got
By mere despair
Of wings.

To rack old elements,
Or dust ;
And say,
Sure here He must
Needs stay,
Is not the way
Nor just.

THE TRAVELLER

Search well another world, who studies this,
Travels in clouds, seeks manna, where is none.

HENRY VAUGHAN

THE CALL OF HEAVENLY LOVE

WITH all thy heart, with all thy soul and mind,
Thou must Him love and His behests embrace ;
All other loves, with which the world doth blind
Weak fancies, and stir up affections base,
Thou must renounce and utterly displace,
And give thyself unto Him full and free,
That full and free gave Himself to thee.

Then shalt thou feel thy spirit so possest,
And ravish'd with devouring great desire
Of His dear Self, that shall thy feeble breast
Inflame with love, and set thee all on fire
With burning zeal, through every part entire,
That in no earthly thing thou shalt delight,
But in His sweet and amiable sight.

Thenceforth all world's desire will in thee die,
And all earth's glory, on which men do gaze,
Seem dirt and dross in thy pure sighted eye,
Compared with that Celestial Beauty's blaze,
Whose glorious beams all fleshly sense doth daze
With admiration of their passing light,
Blinding the eyes and lumining the sight.

Then shall thy ravished soul inspired be,
With heavenly thoughts far above human skill,
And thy bright radiant eyes shall plainly see
Th' Idea of His pure glory present still

THE MOUNT OF VISION

Before thy face, that all thy spirits shall fill
With sweet enagement of celestial Love,
Kindled through sight of those fair things above.

EDMUND SPENSER

BEGGING

KING of mercy, King of love,
In Whom I live, in Whom I move,
Perfect what Thou hast begun,
Let no night put out this sun ;
Grant I may, my chief desire,
Long for Thee, to Thee aspire !
Let my youth, my bloom of days
Buy my comfort, and Thy praise ;
That hereafter, when I look
O'er the sullied, sinful book,
I may find Thy hand therein
Wiping out my shame and sin !
O it is Thy only art
To reduce a stubborn heart ;
And since Thine is victory,
Strongholds should belong to Thee ;
Lord, then take it, leave it not
Unto my dispose or lot ;
But since I would not have it mine,
O my God, let it be Thine !

HENRY VAUGHAN

HOME

COME, Lord, my head doth burn, my heart is sick,
While thou dost ever, ever stay :
Thy long deferrings wound me to the quick,
My spirit gaspeth night and day.
O shew thy self to me,
Or take me up to thee !

THE TRAVELLER

How canst thou stay, considering the pace
The blood did make, which thou didst waste ?
When I behold it trickling down thy face,
I never saw thing make such haste.
O shew thy self to me,
Or take me up to thee !

When man was lost, thy pity lookt about
To see what help in th' earth or sky :
But there was none ; at least no help without ;
The help did in thy bosom lie.
O shew thy self to me,
Or take me up to thee !

There lay thy son : and must he leave that nest,
That hive of sweetness, to remove
Thralldom from those, who would not at a feast
Leave one poor apple for thy love ?
O shew thy self to me,
Or take me up to thee !

He did, He came : O my Redeemer dear,
After all this canst thou be strange ?
So many years baptiz'd, and not appear ?
As if thy love could fail or change.
O shew thy self to me,
Or take me up to thee !

Yet, if thou stayest still, why must I stay ?
My God, what is this world to me ?
This world of woe ? hence all ye clouds, away,
Away ; I must get up and see.
O shew thy self to me,
Or take me up to thee !

THE MOUNT OF VISION

What is this weary world ; this meat and drink,
That chains us by the teeth so fast ?
What is this woman-kind, which I can wink
Into a blackness and distaste ?
O shew thy self to me,
Or take me up to thee !

With one small sigh thou gav'st me th' other day,
I blasted all the joys about me :
And scowling on them as they pin'd away,
Now come again, said I, and flout me.
O shew thy self to me,
Or take me up to thee !

Nothing but drought and dearth, but bush and brake,
Which way soe'er I look, I see.
Some may dream merrily, but when they wake,
They dress themselves and come to thee.
O shew thy self to me,
Or take me up to thee !

We talk of harvests ; there are no such things,
But when we leave our corn and hay :
There is no fruitful year, but that which brings
The last and lov'd, though dreadful day.
O shew thy self to me,
Or take me up to thee !

Oh loose this frame, this knot of man untie !
That my free soul may use her wing,
Which now is pinion'd with mortality,
As an entangled, hamper'd thing.
O shew thy self to me,
Or take me up to thee !

THE TRAVELLER

What have I left that I should stay and groan ?

The most of me to heaven is fled :

My thoughts and joys are all pack'd up and gone,
And for their old acquaintance plead.

O shew thy self to me,

Or take me up to thee !

Come, dearest Lord, pass not this holy season,

My flesh and bones and joints do pray :

And ev'n my verse, when by the rhyme and reason

The word is, *Stay*, says ever, *Come*.

O shew thy self to me,

Or take me up to thee !

GEORGE HERBERT



II. THE WAY

VIA ET VERITAS ET VITA

*"You never attained to Him." "If to attain
Be to abide, then that may be."*

"Endless the way, followed with how much pain."

"The way was He."

ALICE MEYNELL

A COSMIC OUTLOOK

BACKWARD !—beyond this momentary woe !—
Thine was the world's dim dawn, the prime
emprise ;

Eternal æons gaze through these sad eyes,
And all the empyreal sphere has shaped thee so.
Nay ! all is living, all is plain to know !
This rock has drunk the ray from ancient skies ;
Strike ! and the sheen of that remote sunrise
Gleams in the marble's unforgetful glow,
Thus has the cosmic light endured the same
Ere first that ray from Sun to Sirius flew ;
Ay, and in heaven I heard the mystic Name
Sound, and a breathing of the Spirit blew ;
Lit the long Past, bade shine the slumbering flame
And all the Cosmorama blaze anew.

Onward :—thro' baffled hopes, thro' bootless prayers,
With strength that sinks, with high task half begun,
Things great desired, things lamentable done,
Vows writ in water, blows that beat the air.
Oh ! I have guessed the end ; the end is fair.
Not with these weak limbs is thy last race run ;
Not all thy vision sinks with this low sun ;
Not all thy spirit swoons in this despair.
Look how thine own soul, throned where all is well,
Smiles to regard thy days disconsolate ;
Yea ; since herself she wove the worldly spell,
Doomed thee for lofty gain to low estate ;—
Sown with thy fall a seed of glory fell ;
Thy heaven is in thee, and thy will thy fate.

THE MOUNT OF VISION

Inward !—ay, deeper far than love or scorn,
Deeper than bloom of virtue, stain of sin,
Rend thou the veil, and pass alone within,
Stand naked there and feel thyself forlorn !
Nay ! in what world, then, Spirit, wast thou born ?
Or to what World-Soul art thou entered in ?
Feel the Self fade, feel the great life begin,
With Love re-rising in the cosmic morn.
The inward ardour yearns to the inmost goal ;
The endless goal is one with the endless way ;
From every gulf the tides of Being roll,
From every zenith burns the undwelling day ;
And life in Life has drowned thee and soul in Soul ;
And these are God, and thou thyself art they.

F. W. H. MYERS

THE UPWARD WAY

MY Spectre around me night and day
Like a wild beast guards my way ;
My emanation far within
Weeps incessantly for my sin.

A fathomless and boundless deep,
There we wander, there we weep :
On the hungry craving wind
My Spectre follows thee behind.

He scents the footsteps in the snow,
Wheresoever thou dost go,
Through the wintry hail and rain,
When wilt thou return again ?

Dost thou not in pride and scorn
Fill with tempests all my morn,
And with jealousies and fears
Fill my pleasant nights with tears ?

THE WAY

Seven of my sweet loves thy knife
Has bereaved of their life.
Their marble tombs I built with tears,
And with cold and shuddering fears.

Seven more loves weep night and day
Round the tombs where my loves lay,
And seven more loves attend each night
Around my couch with torches bright.

And seven more loves in my bed
Crown with wine my mournful head,
Pitying and forgiving all
Thy transgressions great and small.

When wilt thou return and view
My loves, and them to life renew ?
When wilt thou return and live ?
When wilt thou pity as I forgive ?

“Never, never, I return ;
Still for Victory I burn.
Living, thee alone I’ll have
And when dead I’ll be thy grave.

Through the Heaven and Earth and Hell
Thou shalt never, never quell :
I will fly and thou pursue :
Night and morn the flight renew.”

Till I turn from female love
And root up the infernal grove,
I shall never worthy be
To step into Eternity.

THE MOUNT OF VISION

And, to end thy cruel mocks,
Annihilate thee on the rocks,
And another form create
To be subservient to my Fate.

Let us agree to give up love,
And root up the infernal grove;
Then shall we return and see
The worlds of happy Eternity.

And throughout all Eternity
I forgive you, you forgive me.
As our dear Redeemer said :
" This the Wine and this the Bread."

WILLIAM BLAKE

A SONG

L ORD, when the sense of thy sweet grace
Sends up my soul to seek thy face,
Thy blessed eyes breed such desire,
I die in love's delicious Fire.

Oh love, I am thy Sacrifice.
Be still triumphant, blessed eyes.
Still shine on me, fair suns ! that I
Still may behold, though still I die.

Though still I die, I live again,
Still longing so to be still slain,
So gainful is such loss of breath.
I die even in desire of death.

Still live in me this loving strife
Of living Death and dying Life.
For while thou sweetly slayest me,
Dead to my self, I live in Thee.

RICHARD CRASHAW

MAN

MY God, I heard this day,
That none doth build a stately habitation,
But he that means to dwell therein.
What house more stately hath there been,
Or can be, than is Man? to whose creation
All things are in decay.

For Man is ev'rything,
And more : He is a tree, yet bears no fruit ;
A beast, yet is, or should be more :
Reason and speech we only bring.
Parrots may thank us, if they are not mute,
They go upon the score.

Man is all symmetry,
Full of proportions, one limb to another,
And all to all the world besides :
Each part may call the farthest, brother :
For head with foot has private amity
And both with moons and tides.

Nothing has got so far,
But Man has caught and kept it, as his prey.
His eyes dismount the highest star ;
He is in little all the sphere.
Herbs gladly cure our flesh ; because that they
Find their acceptance there.

For us the winds do blow,
The earth doth rest, heav'n move, and fountains flow.
Nothing we see, but means our good,
As our *delight*, or as our *treasure* :
The whole is, either our cupboard of *food*,
Or cabinet of *pleasure*.

THE MOUNT OF VISION

The stars have us to bed ;
Night draws the curtain, which the sun withdraws ;
Music and light attend our head.
All things unto our *flesh* are kind
In their *descent* and *being* ; to our *mind*
In their *ascent* and *cause*.

Each thing is full of duty :
Waters united are our navigation ;
Distinguished, our habitation ;
Below, our drink ; above, our meat ;
Both are our cleanliness. Hath one such beauty ?
Then how are all things neat ?

More servants wait on Man,
Than he'll take notice of : in ev'ry path
He treads down that which doth befriend him,
When sickness makes him pale and wan.
Oh mighty love ! Man is one world, and hath
Another to attend him.

Since then, my God, thou hast
So brave a Palace built ; O dwell in it,
That it may dwell with thee at last !
Till then, afford us so much wit,
That, as the world serves us, we may serve thee,
And both thy servants be.

GEORGE HERBERT

FILLED FULL

GRANT us such grace that we may work Thy Will
And speak Thy words and walk before Thy Face,
Profound and calm, like waters deep and still ;
Grant us such grace.

THE WAY

Not hastening and not loitering in our pace
For gloomiest valley or for sultriest hill,
Content and fearless on our downward race.

As rivers seek a sea they cannot fill
But are themselves filled full in its embrace,
Absorbed, at rest, each river and each rill ;
Grant us such grace.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

THE FLAMING HEART

(TO ST. TERESA)

LEAVE her that ; and thou shalt leave her
Not one loose shaft but love's whole quiver.
For in love's field was never found
A nobler weapon than a wound.
Love's passives are his activ'st parts,
The wounded is the wounding heart.
O Heart ! the equal poise of love's both parts
Big alike with wounds and darts.
Live in these conquering leaves ; live all the same ;
And walk through all tongues one triumphant Flame.
Live here, great Heart ; and love and die and kill ;
And bleed and wound ; and yield and conquer still.
Let this immortal life where'er it comes
Walk in a crowd of loves and martyrdoms.
Let mystic Deaths wait on't ; and wise souls be
The love-slain witnesses of this life of thee.
Oh sweet incendiary ! shew here thy art,
Upon the carcass of a hard, cold, heart,
Let all the scatter'd shafts of light, that play
Among the leaves of thy large Books of day,
Combin'd against this Breast at once break in
And take away from me my self and sin,

THE MOUNT OF VISION

This gracious Robbery shall thy bounty be ;
And my best fortunes such fair spoils of me.
Oh thou undaunted daughter of desires !
By all thy dower of Lights and Fires ;
By all the eagle in thee, all the dove ;
By all thy lives and deaths of love ;
By thy large draughts of intellectual day,
And by thy thirst of love more large than they ;
By all thy brim-filled Bowles of fierce desire
By thy last morning's draught of liquid fire ;
By the full kingdom of that final kiss
That seized thy parting Soul, and seal'd thee his ;
By all the heav'ns thou hast in him
(Fair sister of the Seraphim !)
By all of Him we have in Thee ;
Leave nothing of my self in me.
Let me so read thy life, that I
Unto all life of mine may die.

RICHARD CRASHAW

BEFORE AND AFTER

AND did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains green ?
And was the holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen ?

And did the Countenance Divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills ?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among these dark Satanic mills ?

Bring me my Bow of burning gold !
Bring me my Arrows of desire !
Bring me my Spear ! O clouds, unfold !
Bring me my Chariot of fire !

THE WAY

I will not cease from mental Fight,
Nor shall my Sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

WILLIAM BLAKE
(From *Milton*)

I AM THE WAY

THOU art the way.
Hadst Thou been nothing but the goal,
I cannot say
If Thou hadst ever met my soul.

I cannot see—
I, child of process—if there lies
An end for me,
Full of repose, full of replies.

I'll not reproach
The way that goes, my feet that stir.
Access, approach,
Art Thou, time, way and wayfarer.

ALICE MEYNELL

THE MOUNTAINS

HAIL, scenes of holy grandeur ! hail !
Where mortal sense stands hush'd and
awed :—

Oh, who can gaze on such, and fail
To think of Thee, my God ?

Alone and dread Thou dwellest here,
The Source and Soul of all I see,
I look around in joy and fear,
And feel I am with Thee !

THE MOUNT OF VISION

I see Thee on the mountain sit,
At summer's noon, sublime and still ;
Or, in the giant shadows flit
Along from hill to hill.

I read Thy presence and Thy power
In each eternal rock I meet ;
I trace Thy love in every flower
That blossoms at my feet.

Thou speakest from each rolling cloud
That pours its stormy mirth on high,
When cliff to cliff is shouting loud,
Responsive to the sky :—

Thy voice at night is in the sound
Of sinking glaciers, rushing rills,
And avalanches thundering round
Among the startled hills :—

The mountain-mists in all their moods,
The snows by earthy feet untrod,—
The fells, the forests, and the floods,
Are all instinct with God.

H. F. LYTE

THE TRAVELLER SINGS

I SING the Name which None can say
But toucht with an interior Ray :
The Name of our New Peace ; our Good :
Our Bliss : and Supernatural Blood ;
The Name of all our Lives and Loves.
Hearken, and Help, ye holy Doves !
The high-born Brood of Day ; you bright

THE WAY

Candidates of blissful Light,
The Heirs Elect of Love ; whose Names belong
Unto the everlasting life of Song ;
All ye wise Souls, who in the wealthy Breast
Of This unbounded Name build your warm Nest.
Awake, my glory. Soul (if such thou be,
And that fair Word at all refer to Thee)

Awake and sing

And be all Wing ;

Bring hither thy whole Self ; and let me see
What of thy Parent Heav'n yet speaks in thee.

O thou art Poor

Of noble Powers, I see,
And full of nothing else but empty me,
Narrow, and low, and infinitely less
Than this Great morning's mighty Business.

One little World or two

(Alas) will never do.

We must have store.

Go, Soul, out of thy Self, and seek for More.

Go and request

Great Nature for the key of her huge Chest
Of Heav'ns, the self-involving Set of Spheres
(Which dull mortality more feels than hears)

Then rouse the nest

O nimble Art, and traverse round
The Aiery Shop of soul-appeasing Sound :
And beat a summons to the Same

All-sovereign Name

To warn each several kind

And shape of sweetness, Be they such

As sigh with supple wind

Or answer Artful Touch,

That they convene and come away

To wait at the love-crowned Doors or

This Illustrious Day.

THE MOUNT OF VISION

Shall we dare This, my Soul ? we'll do't and bring
No Other note for't, but the Name we sing.

Wake Lute and Harp

And every sweet-lippt Thing

That talks with tuneful string ;

Start into life, And leap with me

Into a hasty fit-tun'd Harmony.

Nor must you think it much

T'obey my bolder touch ;

I have Authority in Love's name to take you

And to the work of Love this morning wake you ;

Wake ; In the Name

Of Him who never sleeps, All Things that Are,

Or, what's the same,

Are musical ;

Answer my Call

And come along ;

Help me to meditate my Immortal Song.

Come, ye soft ministers of sweet sad mirth,

Bring All your household stuff of Heav'n on earth ;

O you, my Soul's most certain wings,

Complaining Pipes, and prattling Strings,

Bring all the store

Of Sweets you have ; And murmur that you have no
more.

Come, ne'er to part,

Nature and Art !

Come, and come strong

To the conspiracy of our spacious song.

Bring all the Powers of Praise

Your Provinces of well-united Worlds can raise ;

Bring All your Lutes and Harps of Heav'n and Earth ;

Whate'er co-operates to the common mirth

Vessels of vocal Joys,

Or you, most noble Architects of Intellectual Noise,

Cymbals of Heav'n, or Human spheres,

THE WAY

Solicitors of Souls and Ears ;
And when you're come, with All
That you can bring, or we can call ;

O may you fix
For ever here, and mix
Your selves into the long
And everlasting series of a deathless Song ;
Mix all your many Worlds, Above,
And loose them into One of Love.

Cheer thee, my Heart !
For Thou too hast thy Part
And Place in the Great Throng
Of this unbounded All-embracing Song.
Powers of my Soul, be Proud !

And speak loud
To All the dear-bought nations this Redeeming Name,
And in the wealth of one Rich Word proclaim
New similes to Nature.

May it be no wrong
Blest Heav'ns, to you, and your superior song,
That we, dark Sons of Dust and Sorrow,
A while dare borrow

The Name of your Delights and our Desires,
And fit it to so far inferior Lyres.
Our murmurs have their music too,
Ye mighty Orbs, as well as you,

Nor yields the noblest hest
Of warbling Seraphim to the ears of Love,
A choicer lesson than the joyful Breast
Of a poor panting Turtle-Dove.

And we, low Worms have leave to do
The same bright Business (ye third Heavens) with you.
Gentle Spirits, do not complain.

He will have care
To keep it fair,
And send it back to you again.

THE MOUNT OF VISION

Come, lovely Name ! Appear from forth the Bright
Regions of peaceful Light,
Look from thine own Illustrious Home,
Fair King of names, and come.
Leave All thy native Glories in their Gorgeous nest,
And give thy Self awhile the gracious Guest
Of humble souls, that seek to find

The hidden sweets
Which man's heart meets
When Thou art Master of the mind.
Come, lovely Name ; life of our hope !
Lo we hold our Hearts wide ope !
Unlock thy Cabinet of Day
Dearest sweet, and come away.

Lo how the thirsty Lands
Gasp for thy Golden Showers ! with long stretcht
Hands.

Lo how the labouring Earth
That hopes to be
All Heaven in Thee,
Leaps at thy Birth.
Th' attending World, to wait thy Rise,
First turn'd to eyes ;
And then, not knowing what to do :
Turn'd Them to Tears and spent Them too.
Come Royal name, and pay the expense
Of All this Precious Patience.

O come away
And kill the Death of this Delay.
O see, so many worlds of barren years
Melted and measur'd out in seas of Tears.
O see, the weary lids of wakeful Hope
(Love's eastern windows) all wide ope
With Curtains drawn,
To catch the Daybreak of Thy Dawn.
O dawn, at last, long lookt for Day !

THE WAY

Take thine own wings, and come away.
Lo, where Aloft it comes ! It comes, Among
The Conduct of Adoring Spirits, that throng
Like diligent Bees, and swarm about it.

O they are wise ;
And know what Sweets are suckt from out it.

It is the Hive,
By which they thrive,
Where all their Hoard of Honey lies.
Lo where it comes, upon the snowy Dove's
Soft Back ; And brings a Bosom big with Loves.
Welcome to our dark world, Thou

Womb of Day !
Unfold thy fair Conceptions ; and display
The Birth of our Bright Joys.

O thou compacted
Body of Blessings ; Spirit of Souls extracted !
O dissipate thy spicy Powers
(Cloud of condensed sweets) and break upon us

In balmy showers ;
O fill our senses, and take from us
All force of so profane a Fallacy
To think aught sweet but that which smells of
Thee.

Fair, flow'ry Name ; In none but Thee
And Thy Nectarial Fragrancy,

Hourly there meets
An universal Synod of all sweets ;
By whom it is defined Thus

That no Perfume
For ever shall presume
To pass for Odoriferous,
But such along whose sacred Pedigree
Can prove itself some kin (sweet name) to Thee.
Sweet Name, in Thy each Syllable
A Thousand blest Arabias dwell ;

THE MOUNT OF VISION

A Thousand Hills of Frankincense ;
Mountains of Myrrh, and Beds of species,
And ten thousand Paradises,
The soul that tastes thee takes from thence
How many unknown Worlds there are
Of Comforts, which Thou hast in keeping !
How many Thousand mercies there
In Pity's soft lap lie a sleeping !
Happy he who has the art
 To awake them,
 And to take them
Home, and lodge them in his Heart.
O that it were as it was wont to be !
When thy old Friends of Fire, All full of Thee,
Fought against Frowns with smiles, gave glorious chase
To Persecutions ; And against the Face
Of Death and fiercest Dangers, durst with brave
And sober pace march on to meet a Grave.
On their bold Breasts about the world they bore thee
And to the Teeth of Hell stood up to teach thee,
In Centre of their inmost Souls they wore thee,
Where Racks and Torments striv'd, in vain, to reach
 thee.

 Little, alas, thought they
Who tore the fair Breasts of thy Friends,
 Their Fury but made way
For Thee ; And served them in Thy glorious ends.
What did their weapons but with wider pores
Enlarge thy flaming-breasted Lovers
 More freely to transpire
 That impatient Fire
The Heart that hides Thee hardly covers.
What did their Weapons but set wide the Doors
For Thee ; Fair, purple Doors, of love's devising ;
The Ruby windows which enrich'd the East
 Of Thy so oft repeated Rising.

THE WAY

Each wound of theirs was Thy new Morning ;
And re-enthron'd thee in Thy Rosy Nest ;
With blush of Thine own Blood thy day adorning,
It was the wit of love o'erflow'd the Bounds
Of Wrath, and made Thee way through All Those
Wounds.

Welcome dear, All-Adored Name !

For surè there is no knee

'That knows not Thee.

Or if there be such sons of shame,

Alas what will they do

When stubborn Rocks shall bow

And Hills hang down their Heav'n-saluting Heads

To seek for humble Beds

Of Dust, where in the bashful shades of night

Next to their own low Nothing they may lie,

And couch before the dazzling light of Thy dread
Majesty.

They that by Love's mild Dictate now

Will not adore Thee,

Shall Then with just Confusion, bow

And break before Thee.

RICHARD CRASHAW

GOD IN EVERYTHING

THAT moment through the branches overhead,
Sounds of a going went. A shadow fell
Prone on the unrippled pool of faint light, fed
From the one window lighting my poor cell.
I lifted up my eyes. In the oval space
A single snowdrop stood, a radiant bell
Of silvery shine, stroked tenderly with rays
Of delicate green that made the white appear
As if the sun shone. With a faithful grace

THE MOUNT OF VISION

It bowed its head, as, in a world of fear,
It could not be afraid. If it had swung
Its pendant bell, and music silvery clear,
Had, with division sweet its sounds among,
Dropped down its meaning tender as flakes of snow,
It had not shed more influence as it rung,
Than from its look along did gracious flow.
I knew the flower ; saw into its human ways ;
Beheld God's secret that had made it grow ;
And in my heart woke music's answering phrase.
Nature's high laws, beauty's eternal birth,
And God who bringeth life from out decays,
Light out of darkness, snowdrops from the earth—
Truth was all present in that little flower,
Instinct with the divine. A holy mirth
Awoke within my heart ; for one whole hour
I praised the God of snowdrops. Then the stain
Of weariness fell. Gone was the sacred power,
And gone the snowdrop from the window pane.

GEO. MACDONALD
(From *Somnium Mystici*)

THE MIRAGE

AS an Arab journeyeth
Through a sand of Ayaman,
Lean Thirst, lolling its cracked tongue,
Lagging by his side along ;
And a rusty wingèd Death
Grating its low flight before,
Casting ribbèd shadows o'er
The blank desert, blank and tan :
He lifts by hap toward where the morning's roots are
His weary stare,—
Sees, although they plashless mutes are,
Set in a silver air

THE WAY

Fountains of gelid shoots are,
Making the daylight fairest fair ;
Sees the palm and tamarind
Tangle the tresses of a phantom wind ;—
A sight like innocence when one has sinned
A green and maiden freshness smiling there,
While with unblinking glare
The tawny-hided desert crouches watching her.

'Tis a vision :
Yet the greeneries Elysian
He has known in tracts afar ;
Thus the enamouring fountains flow,
Those the very palms that grow,
By rare-gummed Sava, or Herbalimar,—
Such a watered dream has tarried
Trembling on my desert arid ;
Even so
Its lovely gleamings
Seemings show
Of things not seemings ;
After, and I gaze,
Knowing that, beyond my ways,
Verily
All these *are*, for these are She.

Eve no gentlier lays her cooling cheek
On the burning brow of the sick earth,
Sick with death and sick with birth,
Æon to æon, in secular fever twirled,
Than thy shadow cools this weak
And distempered being of mine.
In all my work, my hand includeth thine ;
Thou rushest down in every stream
Whose passion frets my spirit's deepening gorge :
Unhood'st mine eyas-heart, and fliest my dream ;

THE MOUNT OF VISION

Thou swing'st the hammers of my forge ;
As the innocent moon, that nothing does but shine,
Moves all the labouring surges of the world.
Pierce where thou wilt the springing thought in me,
And there thy pictured countenance lies enfurled,
As in a cut fern lies the imaged tree.
This poor song that sings of thee,
This fragile song, is but a curled
Shell out-gathered from thy sea,
And murmurous still of its nativity.

FRANCIS THOMPSON

APPREHENSION

LORD, purge our eyes to see
Within the seed a tree,
Within the glowing egg a bird,
Within the shroud a butterfly.

Till taught by such, we see
Beyond all creatures Thee,
And hearken to Thy tender word,
And hear it, "Fear not : it is I."

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

THE EARTH'S HEART

THERE is a pulse in flowing streams,
A calmly throbbing motion,
A heart in the cold mountain springs
As true as that of ocean.

Sit by yon bay where Rothay comes
With merry sparkling fall
No rest within the glossy pool
Beneath the fern-fringed wall ;

T H E W A Y

And see how like a real tide,
 Encroaching and retreating,
Upon the polished gravel bed
 The uneven stream is beating.

As if, although 'twas flowing down,
 Straight on it could not flow,
But it must stay to breathe in pools,
 Like some poor hunted roe.

And at the river-head the lake
 From its blue hollows ever,
A weary, tremulous, panting thing,
 Is sighing forth the river.

And thus the breath of the huge hills,
 Among wet mosses sobbing,
Works alway through the upland springs
 With momentary throbbing.

And on the drear autumnal days,
 When o'er the naked heath
The wind is riding, still it hath
 A palpitating breath.

And in the woods the evening air
 A breathing spirit dwells,
Still cooing like a turtle dove,
 A shy voice in the dells.

Those dazzling things, the waterfalls,
 That leap with such a cry
In leafy clefts, sink down at times
 Into a woodland sigh.

THE MOUNT OF VISION

Like one whose heart is in his mouth,
Swift echo on the heath
Speeds onward, shedding broken words,
A runner out of breath.

I speak not of the heaving sea,
But of the solemn earth ;
I would thou shouldst believe there is
A heart in all her mirth.

The dashing rivers are her joy,
The pinewood plaint her sadness,
The clamorous tempest is her rage,
The earthquake is her madness.

The past is in her—the long past,
With all its light and gloom,
What wonder then there should be throes
In such a living tomb ?

Her heart grows larger, as each day
Sinks to it with a stir ;
It makes me grave to think of all
That hath gone into her !

Proud-minded kings and rebel mobs
And, by the will of fate,
Enough to make another earth
Of love unfortunate.

Then, when thou walkest on the hills,
Or in the woods apart,
Remember that the earth hath got
Almost a human heart.

THE WAY

The joy and grief of centuries
Have so much dark and bright,
That they constrain earth's pulse to beat
Alternate day and night.

F. W. FABER

LIFE

“NOT from the naked *Heart* alone of Man
(Though claiming high distinction upon earth
As the sole spring and fountain-head of tears,
His own peculiar utterance for distress
Or gladness)—no,” the philosophic Priest
Continued, “’tis not in the vital seat
Of feeling to produce them, without aid
From the pure soul, the soul sublime and pure ;
With her two faculties of eye and ear,
The one by which a creature, whom his sins
Have rendered prone, can upward look to heaven ;
The other that empowers him to perceive
The voice of Deity, on height and plain,
Whispering those truths in stillness, which the Word,
To the four quarters of the winds, proclaims.
Not without such assistance could the use
Of these benign observances prevail :
Thus are they born, thus fostered, thus maintained ;
And by the care prospective of our wise
Forefathers, who, to guard against the shocks,
The fluctuation and decay of things,
Embodied and established these high truths
In solemn institutions :—men convinced
That life is love and immortality,
The being one, and one the element.
There lies the channel, the original bed,
From the beginning, hollowed out and scooped

THE MOUNT OF VISION

For Man's affections—else betrayed and lost,
And swallowed up 'mid deserts infinite !
This is the genuine course, the aim, the end
Of prescient reason : all conclusions else
Are abject, vain, presumptuous, and perverse.
The faith partaking of those holy times,
Life, I repeat, is energy of love
Divine and human ; exercised in pain,
In strife, in tribulation ; and ordained,
If so approved and sanctified, to pass,
Through shades and silent rest, to endless joy.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
(From *The Excursion*)

EVERYTHING HOLY

ARISE, you little glancing wings and sing your
infant joy,
Arise and drink your bliss !
For everything that lives is holy, for the source of life
Descends to be a weeping babe ;
For the earthworm renews the moisture of the sandy plain.
Now my left hand I stretch to earth beneath,
And strike the terrible string.
I wake sweet joy in dens of sorrow, and I plant a smile
In forests of affliction,
And wake the bubbling springs of life in regions of dark
death.

O, I am weary ! lay thy hand upon me, or I faint.
I faint beneath these beams of thine,
For thou hast touched my five senses and they answer'd
thee.
Now I am nothing, and I sink
On the bed of solemn sleep till thou awakest me.

WILLIAM BLAKE

THE WAY

THE ILLIMITABLE GOD

IF Christ, as thou affirmest, be of men
Mere man, the first and best but nothing more,—
Account Him, for reward of what He was,
Now and for ever, wretchedest of all.
For see ; Himself conceived of life as love,
Conceived of love as what must enter in,
Fill up, make one with His each soul He loved :
Thus much for man's joy, all men's joy for Him.
Well, He is gone, thou sayest, to fit reward.
But by this time are many souls set free,
And very many still retained alive ;
Nay, should His coming be delayed awhile,
Say, ten years longer (twelve years, some compute),
See if, for every finger of thy hands,
There be not found, that day the world shall end,
Hundreds of souls, each holding by Christ's word
That He will grow incorporate with all,
With me as Pamphylas, with him as John,
Groom for each bride ! Can a mere man do this ?
Yet Christ saith, this He lived and died to do.
Call Christ, then, the illimitable God,
Or lost !

ROBERT BROWNING
(From *A Death in the Desert*)

THE ELIXIR

TEACH me, my God and King,
In all things thee to see ;
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for thee ;

THE MOUNT OF VISION

Not rudely, as a beast,
To run into an action ;
But still to make thee prepossest,
And give it his perfection.

A man that looks on glass,
On it may stay his eye ;
Or if he pleaseth, through it pass,
And then the heav'n espy.

All may of thee partake :
Nothing can be so mean,
Which with his tincture (for thy sake)
Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine :
Who sweeps a room, as for thy laws,
Makes that and th' action fine.

This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold :
For that which God doth touch and own
Cannot for less be sold.

GEORGE HERBERT

ODE TO HEAVEN

CHORUS OF SPIRITS

FIRST SPIRIT

PALACE roof of cloudless nights !
Paradise of golden lights !
Deep, immeasurable, vast,
Which art now and which wert then !
Of the present and the past,

THE WAY

Of the eternal where and when,
Presence chamber, temple, home,
Ever-canopying dome,
Of acts and ages yet to come !

Glorious shapes have life in thee,
Earth, and all earth's company ;
Living globes which ever throng
Thy deep chasms and wildernesses ;
And green worlds that glide along ;
And swift stars with flashing tresses ;
And icy moons most cold and bright,
And mighty suns beyond the night,
Atoms of intensest light.

Ever thy name is as a god,
Heaven ! for thou art the abode
Of that power which is the glass
Wherein man his nature sees.
Generations as they pass
Worship thee with bended knees.
Their unremaining gods and they
Like a river roll away ;
Thou remainest such alway.

SECOND SPIRIT

Thou art but the mind's first chamber,
Round which its young fancies clamber,
Like weak insects in a cave,
Lighted up by stalactites ;
But the portal of the grave,
Where a world of new delights
Will make thy best glories seem
But a dim and noonday gleam
From the shadow of a dream !

THE MOUNT OF VISION

THIRD SPIRIT

Peace ! the abyss is wreathed with scorn
At your presumption, atom-born !
What is heaven ? and what are ye
Who its brief expanse inherit ?
What are suns and spheres which flee
With the instinct of that spirit
Of which ye are but a part ?
Drops which nature's mighty heart
Drives through thinnest veins. Depart !

What is heaven ? A globe of dew,
Filling in the morning new
Some eyed flower whose young leaves waken
On an unimagined world :
Constellated suns unshaken,
Orbits measureless are furled,
In that frail and fading sphere.
With ten millions gathered there,
To tremble, gleam, and disappear.

P. B. SHELLEY

THE SEED GROWING SECRETLY

IF this world's friends might see but once
What some poor man may often feel,
Glory, and gold, and crowns, and thrones,
They would soon quit, and learn to kneel.

My dew, my dew ! my early love,
My soul's bright food, Thy absence kills !
Hover not long, Eternal Dove !
Life without Thee is loose, and spills.

T H E W A Y

Something I had, which long ago
Did learn to suck and sip and taste ;
But now grown sickly, sad and slow,
Doth fret and wrangle, pine, and waste.

O spread Thy sacred wings, and shake
One living drop ! one drop life keeps !
If pious griefs heaven's joys awake,
O fill his bottle ! Thy child weeps !

Slowly and sadly doth he grow,
And soon as left shrinks back to ill ;
O feed that life, which makes him blow
And spread and open to Thy will !

For Thy eternal, living wells
None stain'd or wither'd shall come near ;
A fresh, immortal green there dwells
And spotless white is all the wear.

Dear, secret greenness ! nurs'd below
Tempests and winds, and winter-nights,
Vex'd not that but One sees thee grow ;
That One made all these lesser lights.

If those bright joys He singly sheds
On thee, were all met in one crown,
Both sun and stars would hide their heads,
And moons, though full, would get them down.

Let glory be their bait, whose minds
Are all too high for a low cell :
Though hawks can prey through storms and winds,
The poor bee in her hive must dwell.

THE MOUNT OF VISION

Glory, the crowd's cheap tinsel still
Is what most takes them, is a drudge ;
And they too oft take good for ill,
And thriving vice for virtue judge.

What need a conscience, calm and bright
Within itself, an outward test ?
Who breaks his glass to take more light,
Makes way for storms into his rest.

Then bless thy secret growth, nor catch
At noise, but thrive unseen and dumb ;
Keep clean, bear fruit, earn life, and watch
Till the white winged reapers come !

HENRY VAUGHAN

HEAVEN AND EARTH

THERE are no shadows where there is no sun ;
There is no beauty where there is no shade ;
And all things in two lines of glory run,
Darkness and light, ebon and gold inlaid.
God comes among us through the shroud of air ;
And His dim track is like the silvery wake
Left by yon pinnacle on the mountain lake,
Fading and reappearing here and there.
The lamps and veils through Heaven and Earth that
move
Go in and out, as jealous of their light,
Like sailing stars upon a misty night.
Death is the shade of coming life ; and Love
Yearns for her dear ones in the holy tomb,
Because bright things are better seen in gloom.

F. W. FABER

HARMONY

IT was not then a poet's dream,
 An idle vaunt of song,
 Such as beneath the moon's soft gleam
 On vacant fancies throng ;

Which bids us see in heaven and earth,
 In all fair things around,
 Strong yearnings for a blest new birth
 With sinless glories crowned ;

Which bids us hear, at each sweet pause
 From care and want and toil,
 When dewy eve her curtain draws
 Over the day's turmoil,

In the low chant of wakeful birds,
 In the deep weltering flood,
 In whispering leaves, these solemn words—
 "God made us all for good."

All true, all faultless, all in tune,
 Creation's wondrous choir
 Opened in mystic unison
 To last till time expire.

And still it lasts : by day and night,
 With one consenting voice,
 All hymn Thy glory, Lord, aright,
 All worship and rejoice.

Man only mars the sweet accord,
 O'erpowering with "harsh din"
 The music of Thy works and words,
 Ill-matched with grief and sin.

THE MOUNT OF VISION

Sin is with man at morning break,
And through the live-long day
Deafens the ear that fain would wake
To Nature's simple lay.

But when eve's silent footfall steals
Along the eastern sky,
And one by one to earth reveals
Those purer fires on high,

When one by one each human sound
Dies on the awful ear,
Then Nature's voice no more is drowned,
She speaks and we must hear.

Then pours she on the Christian heart
That warning still and deep,
At which high spirits of old would start,
Even from their Pagan sleep,

Just guessing, through their murky blind,
Few, faint, and baffling sight,
Streaks of a brighter Heaven behind,
A cloudless depth of light.

Such thoughts, the wreck of Paradise,
Through many a dreary age,
Upbore whate'er of good and wise
Yet lived in bard or sage :

They marked what agonising throes
Shook the great mother's womb ;
But Reason's spell might not disclose
The gracious birth to come ;

T H E W A Y

Nor could the enchantress Hope forecast
God's secret love and power ;
The travail pangs of Earth must last
Till her appointed hour ;

The hour that saw from opening Heaven
Redeeming glory stream,
Beyond the summer hues of even,
Beyond the midday beam.

Thenceforth, to eyes of high desire,
The meanest thing below,
As with a Seraph's robe of fire
Invested, burn and glow :

The rod of Heaven has touched them all,
The word from Heaven is spoken ;
“ Rise, shine, and sing, thou captive thrall ;
Are not thy fetters broken ?

“ The God Who hallowed thee and blessed,
Pronouncing thee all good—
Hath He not all thy wrongs redressed,
And all thy bliss renewed ?

“ Why mourn'st thou still as one bereft,
Now that the eternal Son
His blessed home in Heaven hath left
To make thee all His own ? ”

Thou mourn'st because Sin lingers still
In Christ's new Heaven and earth ;
Because our rebel works and will
Stain our immortal birth :

THE MOUNT OF VISION

Because, as love and prayer grow cold,
The Saviour hides His face,
And worldlings blot the temple's gold
With uses vile and base.

Hence all thy groans and travail pains,
Hence, till thy God return,
In wisdom's ear thy blithest strains,
O Nature, seem to mourn.

JOHN KEBLE
(From *The Christian Year*)

HEARKEN!

HEARKEN, hearken !
God speaketh to thy soul ;
Using the supreme voice which doth confound
All life with consciousness of Deity,
All senses into one ;
As the seer-saint of Patmos, loving John,
For whom did backward roll
The cloud-gate of the future, turned to *see*
The Voice which spake. It speaketh now—
Through the regular breath of the calm creation,
Through the moan of the creature's desolation,
Striking, and its stroke, resembling
The memory of a solemn vow,
Which pierceth the din of a festival
To one in the midst—and he letteth fall
The cup, with a sudden trembling.

Hearken, hearken !
God speaketh in thy soul ;
Saying, "O thou, that movest
With feeble steps across this earth of Mine,
To break beside the fount thy golden bowl,
And spill its purple wine—

THE WAY

Look up to heaven and see how like a scroll
My right hand hath thine immortality
In an eternal grasping ! Thou, that lovest
The songful birds and grasses underfoot,
And also what change mars, and tombs pollute—
I am the end of love !—give love to Me !
O thou that sinnest, grace doth more abound
Than all thy sin ! sit still beneath My rood,
And count the droppings of My victim-blood,
And seek none other sound !

Hearken, hearken !
Shall we hear the lapsing river
And our brother's sighing, ever,
And not the voice of God.

ELIZABETH B. BROWNING
(From *Sounds*)

WINDOWS

LORD, how can man preach thy eternal word ?
He is a brittle crazy glass ;
Yet in thy temple thou dost him afford
This glorious and transcendent place,
To be a window, through thy grace.

But when thou dost anneal in glass thy story,
Making thy life to shine within
The holy Preachers ; then the light and glory
More rev'rend grows, and more doth win ;
Which else shows watrish, bleak, and thin.

Doctrine and life, colour and light, in one
When they combine and mingle, bring
A strong regard and awe : but speech alone
Doth vanish like a flaring thing,
And in the ear, not conscience ring.

GEORGE HERBERT

THE MOUNT OF VISION

TRANQUILLITY

TWO lessons, Nature, let me learn of thee—
Two lessons that in every wind are blown ;
Two blending duties, harmonized in one,
Though the loud world proclaim their enmity ;
Of toil unsevered from tranquillity :
Of labour, that in one short hour outgrows
Man's noisy schemes, accomplish'd in repose,
Too great for haste, too high for rivalry.
Yes, while on earth a thousand discords ring,
Man's weak complainings mingling with his toil,
Still do thy sleepless ministers move on,
Their glorious course in silence perfecting ;
Still working, chiding still our vain turmoil,
Labourers that shall not fail, when man is gone.
MATTHEW ARNOLD

EVENING

IT is no Spirit who from heaven hath flown,
And is descending on his embassy ;
Nor Traveller gone from earth the heavens to espy !
'Tis Hesperus—there he stands with glittering crown,
First admonition that the sun is down !
For yet it is broad daylight : clouds pass by ;
A few are near him still—and now the sky,
He hath it to himself—'tis all his own.
O most ambitious Star ! an inquest wrought
Within me when I recognised thy light ;
A moment I was startled at the sight ;
And, while I gazed, there came to me a thought
That I might step beyond my natural race

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THE WAY

As thou seem'st now to do ; might one day trace
Some ground not mine ; and, storing her strength above,
My Soul, an Apparition in the place,
Tread there with steps that no one shall reprove !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

LONGING

WITH sick and famisht eyes,
With doubling knees and weary bones,
To thee my cries,
To thee my groans,
To thee my sighs, my tears ascend :
No end ?

My throat, my soul is hoarse ;
My heart is wither'd like a ground
Which thou dost curse.
My thoughts turn round,
And make me giddy ; Lord, I fall,
Yet call.

From thee all pity flows.
Mothers are kind, because thou art,
And dost dispose
To them a part ;
Their infants, them ; and they suck thee
More free.

Bowels of pity hear !
Lord of my soul, love of my mind,
Bow down thine ear !
Let not the wind
Scatter my words, and in the same
Thy name !

THE MOUNT OF VISION

Look on my sorrows round !
Mark well my furnace ! O what flames,
What heats abound !
What griefs, what shames !
Consider, Lord ; Lord, bow thine ear
And hear !

Lord Jesu, thou didst bow
Thy dying head upon the tree :
O be not now
More dead to me !
Lord hear ! *Shall he that made the ear*
Not hear ?

Behold, thy dust doth stir,
It moves, it creeps, it aims at thee :
Wilt thou defer
To succour me,
Thy pile of dust, wherein each crumb
Says, Come ?

To thee help appertains
Hast thou left all things to their course,
And laid the reins
Upon the horse ?
Is all lockt ? Hath a sinner's plea
No key ?

Indeed, the world's thy book,
Where all things have their leaf assign'd :
Yet a meek look
Hath interlin'd.
Thy board is full, yet humble guests
Find nests.

THE WAY

Thou tarriest, while I die,
And fall to nothing : thou dost reign,
 And rule on high,
 While I remain
In bitter grief : yet am I stil'd
 Thy child.

Lord, didst thou leave thy throne,
Not to relieve ? How can it be
 That thou art grown
 Thus hard to me ?
Were sin alive, good cause there were
 To bear.

But now both sin is dead,
And all thy promises live and bide.
 That wants his head ;
 These speak and chide,
And in thy bosom pour my tears
 As theirs.

Lord Jesu, hear my heart,
Which has been broken now so long,
 That ev'ry part
 Hath got a tongue !
Thy beggars grow ; rid them away
 To-day.

My love, my sweetness, hear !
By these thy feet, at which my heart
 Lies all the year,
 Pluck out thy dart,
And heal my troubled breast which cries,
 Which dies.

GEORGE HERBERT

THE MOUNT OF VISION

THE ONE AND THE MANY

THE One remains, the many change and pass ;
Heaven's light for ever shines, earth's shadows fly ;
Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
Stains the white radiance of Eternity,
Until Death tramples it to fragments.—Die,
If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost seek !
Follow where all is fled !—Rome's azure sky,
Flowers, ruins, statues, music, words, are weak,
The glory they transfuse with fitting truth to speak.

Why linger, why turn back, why shrink, my Heart ?
Thy hopes are gone before ; from all things here
They have departed ; thou shouldst now depart !
A light is passed from the revolving year,
And man, and woman ; and what still is dear
Attracts to crush, repels to make thee wither.
The soft sky smiles, the low wind whispers near ;
'Tis Adonais calls ! oh, hasten thither,
No more let Life divide what Death can join together.

That Light whose smile kindles the Universe,
That Beauty in which all things work and move,
That Benediction which the eclipsing Curse
Of birth can quench not, that sustaining Love
Which through the web of being blindly wove
By man and beast and earth and air and sea,
Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of
The fire for which all thirst ; now beam on me
Consuming the last clouds of cold mortality.

The breath whose might I have invoked in song
Descends on me ; my spirit's bark is driven
Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng
Whose sails were never to the tempest given ;

THE WAY

The massy earth and sphered skies are riven !
I am borne darkly, fearfully, afar ;
Whilst burning through the inmost veil of Heaven,
The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.

P. B. SHELLEY
(From *Adonais*)

THE PILGRIMAGE

AS travellers, when the twilight's come,
And in the sky the stars appear,
The past day's accidents do sum
With "Thus we saw there, and thus here."

Then Jacop-like lodge in a place,
—A place, and no more, is set down—
Where till the day restore the race,
They rest and dream homes of their own :

So for this night I linger here,
And full of tossings to and fro,
Expect still when Thou wilt appear,
That I may get me up and go.

I long, and groan, and grieve for Thee,
For Thee my words, my tears do gush ;
O that I were but where I see !
Is all the note within my bush.

As birds robbed of their native wood,
Although their diet may be fine,
Yet neither sing, nor like their food,
But with the thought of home do pine ;

THE MOUNT OF VISION

So do I mourn, and hang my head ;
And though Thou dost me fulness give,
Yet look I for far better bread,
Because by this man cannot live.

O feed me then ! and since I may
Have yet more days, more nights to count,
So strengthen me, Lord, in the way,
That I may travel to Thy mount.

HENRY VAUGHAN

ALONE

IF, in the silent mind of One all-pure
At first imagin'd lay
The sacred world ; and by procession sure
From those still deeps, in form and colour drest,
Seasons alternating, and night and day,
The long-mused thought to north, south, east and west
Took then its all-seen way :

O waking on a world which thus-wise springs !
Whether it needs the count
Betwixt thy waking and the birth of things
Ages or hours : O waking on Life's stream !
By lonely pureness to the all-pure Fount
(Only by this thou canst) the colour'd dream
Of Life remount.

Thin, thin the pleasant human noises grow ;
And faint the city gleams ;
Rare the lone pastoral huts : marvel not thou !
The solemn peaks but to the stars are known,
But to the stars, and the cold lunar beams :
Alone the sun arises and alone
Spring the great streams.

MATTHEW ARNOLD
(From *In Utrumque Paratus*)

NIGHT

THROUGH that pure virgin shrine,
That sacred veil drawn o'er Thy glorious noon,
That men might look and live, as glow-worms shine,
And face the moon :
Wise Nicodemus saw such light
As made him know his God by night.

Most blest believer he !
Who in that land of darkness and blind eyes
Thy long-expected healing wings could see
When Thou didst rise !
And, what can never more be done,
Did at midnight speak with the Sun.

O who can tell me, where
He found Thee at that dead and silent hour ?
What hallow'd solitary ground did bear
So rare a flower ;
Within whose sacred leaves did lie
The fulness of the Deity ?

No mercy-seat of gold,
No dead and dusty cherub, nor carved stone,
But His own living works did my Lord hold
And lodge alone ;
Where trees and herbs did watch and peep
And wonder, while the Jews did sleep.

Dear Night ! this world's defeat ;
The stop to busy fools ; care's check and curb ;
The day of spirits ; my soul's calm retreat
Which none disturb !
Christ's progress, and His prayer-time ;
The hours to which high Heaven doth chime.

THE MOUNT OF VISION

God's silent, searching flight ;
When my Lord's head is filled with dew, and all
His locks are wet with the clear drops of night ;
His still, soft call ;
His knocking time ; the soul's dumb watch,
When spirits their fair kindred catch.

Were all my loud, evil days
Calm and unhaunted as is thy dark tent,
Whose peace but by some angel's wing or voice
Is seldom rent ;
Then I in heaven all the long year
Would keep, and never wander here.

But living where the sun
Doth all things wake, and where all mix and tire
Themselves and others, I consent to run
To every mire ;
And by this world's ill-guiding light,
Err more than I can do by night.

There is in God—some say—
A deep, but dazzling darkness, as men here
Say it is late and dusky, because they
See not all clear.
O for that night ! where I in Him
Might live invisible and dim !

HENRY VAUGHAN

THE STARRY SKIES

THE starry skies, they rest my soul,
Its chains of care unbind,
And with the dew of cooling thoughts
Refresh my sultry mind.

THE WAY

And, like a bird amidst the boughs,
I rest, and sing, and rest,
Among those bright dissevered worlds,
As safe as in a nest.

And oft I think the starry sprays
Swing with me where I light,
While brighter branches lure me o'er
New gulfs of purple night.

Yes, something draws me upward there
As morning draws the lark ;
Only my spell, whate'er it is
Works better in the dark.

It is as if a home was there,
To which my soul was turning,
A home not seen, but nightly proved
By a mysterious yearning.

It seems as if no actual space
Could hold it in its bond ;
Thought climbs its highest, still it is
Always beyond, beyond.

Earth never feels like home, though fresh
And full its tide of mirth ;
No glorious change we can conceive
Would make a home of earth.

But God alone can be a home ;
And His sweet Vision lies
Somewhere in that soft gloom concealed,
Beyond the starry skies.

THE MOUNT OF VISION

So, as if waiting for a voice,
Nightly I gaze and sigh,
While the stars look at me silently
Out of their silent sky.

How have I erred ! God is my home,
And God Himself is here ;
Why have I looked so far for Him
Who is nowhere but near ?

Oh not in distant starry skies,
In vastness not abroad,
But everywhere in His whole Self
Abides the whole of God.

In golden presence not diffused,
Not in vague fields of bliss,
But whole in every present point
The Godhead simply is.

Down in earth's duskiest vales, where'er
My pilgrimage may be,
Thou, Lord ! wilt be a ready home
Always at hand for me.

I spake : but God was nowhere seen :
Was His love too tired to wait ?
Ah no ! my own unsimple love
Hath often made me late.

How often things already won
It urges me to win,
How often makes me look outside
For that which is within !

T H E W A Y

Our souls go too much out of self
Into ways dark and dim :
'Tis rather God who seeks for us,
Than we who seek for Him.

Yet surely through my tears I saw
God softly drawing near ;
How came He without sight or sound
So soon to disappear ?

God was not gone : but He so longed
His sweetness to impart,
He too was seeking for a home,
And found it in my heart.

Twice have I erred : a distant God
Was what I could not bear ;
Sorrow and cares were at my side ;
I longed to have Him there.

But God is never so far off
As even to be near ;
He is within : our spirit is
The home he holds most dear.

To think of Him as by our side
Is almost as untrue,
As to remove His throne beyond
Those skies of starry blue.

So all the while I thought myself
Homeless, forlorn, and weary,
Missing my joy, I walked the earth
Myself God's sanctuary.

F. W. FABER

THE MOUNT OF VISION

LIGHT

THE still commandress of the silent night
Borrows her beams from her bright brother's eye ;
His fair aspect fills her sharp horns with light ;
If he withdraw, her flames are quench'd and die ;
E'en as the beams of thy enlight'ning Sp'rit,
Infus'd and shot into my dark desire,
Inflame my thoughts, and fill my soul with fire,
That I am ravish'd with a new delight ;
But if thou shroud thy face, my glory fades,
And I remain a nothing, all composed of shades.

Eternal God ! O thou that only art
The sacred fountain of eternal light,
And blessed loadstone of my better part,
O thou, my heart's desire, my soul's delight,
Reflect upon my soul, and touch my heart,
And then my heart shall prize no good above thee ;
And then my soul shall know thee ; knowing, love
thee ;
And then my trembling thoughts shall never start
From thy commands, or swerve the least degree,
Or once presume to move, but as they move in thee.
FRANCIS QUARLES

THE WORLD

I SAW Eternity the other night,
Like a great ring of pure and endless light,
All calm, as it was bright :
And round beneath it, Time in hours, days, years,
Driv'n by the spheres,
Like a vast shadow mov'd ; in which the world
And all her train were hurl'd.

THE WAY

The doting lover in his quaintest strain
Did there complain ;
Near him, his lute, his fancy, and his flights,
Wit's sour delights ;
With gloves, and knots, the silly snares of pleasure,
Yet his dear treasure,
All scatter'd lay, while he his eyes did pour
Upon a flow'r.

Yet some, who all this while did weep and sing,
And sing, and weep, soar'd up into a ring ;
But most would use no wing.
O fools—said I—thus to prefer dark night
Before true light !
To live in grots and caves, and hate the day
Because it shows the way ;
The way which from this dead and dark abode
Leads up to God ;
A way where ye might tread the sun, and be
More bright than he !
But as I did their madness so discuss,
One whisper'd thus,
“ This ring the Bridegroom did for none provide,
But for His bride.”

HENRY VAUGHAN

INTUITION

WHAT soul was his, when, from the naked top
Of some bold headland, he beheld the sun
Rise up, and bathe the world in light ! He looked—
Ocean and earth, the solid frame of earth
And ocean's liquid mass, in gladness lay
Beneath him :—Far and wide the clouds were touched,
And in their silent faces could be read

THE MOUNT OF VISION

Unutterable love. Sound needed none,
Nor any voice of joy ; his spirit drank
The spectacle ; sensation, soul, and form,
All melted into him ; they swallowed up
His animal being ; in them did he live,
And by them did he live ; they were his life.
In such access of mind, in such high hour
Of visitation from the living God,
Thought was not ; in enjoyment it expired.
No thanks he breathed, he proffered no request ;
Rapt into still communion that transcends
The imperfect offices of prayer and praise,
His mind was a thanksgiving to the power
That made him ; it was blessedness and love !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
(From *The Excursion*)

THE JOURNEY

BROOK and road
Were fellow travellers in this gloomy Pass,
And with them did we journey several hours
At a slow step. The immeasurable height
Of woods decaying, never to be decayed,
The stationary blasts of waterfalls,
And in the narrow rent, at every turn,
Winds thwarting winds bewildered and forlorn,
The torrents shooting from the clear blue sky,
The rocks that muttered close upon our ears,
Black drizzling crags that spake by the way side
As if a voice were in them, the sick sight
And giddy prospect of the raving stream,
The unfettered clouds and region of the heavens,
Tumult and peace, the darkness and the light—
Were all like workings of one mind, the features

THE WAY

Of the same face, blossoms upon one tree,
Characters of the great Apocalypse,
The types and symbols of Eternity,
Of first, and last, and midst, and without end.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
(*The Simlun Pass*)

THOUGHTS

OUR thoughts are greater than ourselves, our dreams
Oftimes more solid than our acts ; our hope
With more of substance and of shadow teems
Than our thin joys, and hath a nobler scope.
O sons of men ! there is a Presence here,
Here in our own undying spirits, which
With an unearthly wealth doth oft enrich
The reason hourly sanctified by fear.
Herewith men prophesy, herewith men press
To their own hearts in studious loneliness
Forms greater than they dare to tell ; beneath
The shadows of their own imaginings
They sit, withdrawn and sheltered ; for a wreath
Encircles them, a wreath of Angel's wings.

F. W. FABER

LOOKING BACK

(*TINTERN ABBEY*)

FIVE years have passed ; five summers, with the length
Of five long winters ! and again I hear
These waters, rolling from their mountain-springs
With a soft inland murmur.—Once again
Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
That on a wild secluded scene impress
Thoughts of more deep seclusion ; and connect
The landscape with the quiet of the sky.

THE MOUNT OF VISION

The day is come when I again repose
Here, under this dark sycamore, and view
These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard-tufts,
Which at this season, with their unripe fruits,
Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves
'Mid groves and copses. Once again I see
These hedgerows, hardly hedgerows, little lines
Of sportive wood run wild ; these pastoral farms
Green to the very door ; and wreaths of smoke
Sent up, in silence, from among the trees !
With some uncertain notice, as might seem
Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,
Or of some Hermit's cave, where by his fire
The Hermit sits alone.

These beauteous forms,
Through a long absence, have not been to me
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye :
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart ;
And passing even into my purer mind,
With tranquil restoration :—feelings too
Of unremembered pleasure : such, perhaps,
As have no slight or trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
To them I may have owed another gift,
Of aspect more sublime : that blessed mood,
In which the burden of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened :—that serene and blessed mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on,—

THE WAY

Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul :
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.

If this
Be but a vain belief, yet, oh ! how oft—
In darkness and amid the many shapes
Of joyless daylight ; when the fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart—
How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,
O sylvan Wye ! thou wanderer thro' the woods,
How often has my spirit turned to thee !

And now, with gleams of half extinguished thought,
With many recognitions dim and faint,
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
The picture of the mind revives again :
While here I stand, not only with the sense
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts
That in this moment there is life and food
For future years. And as I dare to hope,
Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first
I came among these hills ; when like a roe
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
Wherever nature led : more like a man
Flying from something that he dreads than one
Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,
And their glad animal movements all gone by)
To me was all in all.—I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract

THE MOUNT OF VISION

Haunted me like a passion : the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colour and their forms, were then to me
An appetite ; a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, nor any interest
Unborrowed from the eye.—That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur ; other gifts
Have followed ; for such loss I would believe,
Abundant recompense. For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth ; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts ; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man :
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thoughts,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods,
And mountains, and of all that we behold
From this green earth ; of all the mighty world
Of eye, and ear,—both what they half create
And what perceive ; well pleased to recognise
In nature and the language of the sense
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being.

Nor perchance,

THE WAY

If I were not thus taught, should I the more
Suffer my genial spirits to decay :
For thou art with me here upon the banks
Of this fair river ; thou my dearest Friend,
My dear, dear Friend ; and in thy voice I catch
The language of my former heart, and read
My former pleasures in the shooting lights
Of thy wild eyes. Oh ! yet a little while
May I behold in thee what I was once,
My dear, dear Sister ! and this prayer I make,
Knowing that Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her, 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy ; for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk ;
And let the misty mountain-winds be free
To blow against thee : and, in after years,
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
Into a sober pleasure ; when thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
Thy memory be as a dwelling place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies ; oh ! then,
If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
And these my exhortations ! Nor, perchance—
If I should be where I no more can hear

THE MOUNT OF VISION

Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams
Of past existence—wilt thou then forget
That after many wanderings, many years
Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,
And this green pastoral landscape, were to me
More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

NATURE'S SECRET

THE earth is a frail transparent vase
With heavenly lamps behind,
The light coming through is tinted, and draws
Figures upon the mind.
Thought's hidden stream from it's upper springs
Hath brought us a few interpretations.
If the world would be still, our hearts might hear
What the secret is, when the stream winds near.
The earth is a church where no bells are rung,
And her beauty is slighted for want of tongue ;
But the stream in ourselves is her voice brought back
From Heaven where it was taken,
That the minstrel spirit may have no lack
Of dulcet sounds to waken.
But a murmuring here and a murmuring there,
And a half word falling on the air,
Piece by piece we must weave in one,
Till the words in music and rhythm run,
And the poet must tell the meaning of all
That obscure and beautiful ritual.

So are we gifted ; so we live,
Scarce knowing what we are ;—
Deep-coloured flowers that feebly give
Their scent into the air.

THE WAY

So are we gifted, so we die ;
We take our gifts with us :
With the green lives that round us lie
The way is ever thus.
And so, when we rise from our chastening gloom,
We are born afresh of a stainless womb,
And the soul, that hath been like a wandering bride,
Wanders no more and is satisfied ;
For the likeness she wears was the secret thing
That lured her on in her wandering,
And joy and love to the spirit are given,
New coloured and shaped in the moulds of Heaven ;
And our rising shall be like a wondering flower
That looks on the earth in her summer power
With the pride of its earliest opening hour,—
A thing that may well surprised be
With its own fair scent and bravery !

F. W. FABER

UNITY IN DIVERSITY

THAT each, who seems a separate whole,
Should move his rounds, and fusing all
The skirts of self again, should fall
Remerging in the general soul,

Is faith as vague as all unsweet :
Eternal form shall still divide
The eternal soul from all beside ;
And I shall know him when we meet :

And we shall sit at endless feast,
Enjoying each the other's good :
What vaster dream can hit the mood
Of Love on earth ? He seeks at least

THE MOUNT OF VISION

Upon the last and sharpest height,
Before the spirits fade away,
Some landing-place, to clasp and say,
“Farewell! We lose ourselves in light.”

ALFRED TENNYSON
(*In Memoriam*)

LOOKING BACK

FAIR shining mountains of my pilgrimage
And flowery vales, whose flow'rs were stars,
The days and nights of my first happy age ;
An age without distaste and wars !
When I by thoughts ascend your sunny heads,
And mind those sacred midnight lights
By which I walk'd, when curtained rooms and beds
Confined and seal'd up others' sights :
Oh then, how bright,
And quick a light
Doth brush my heart and scatter night ;
Chasing that shade,
Which my sins made,
While I so spring, as if I could not fade !
How brave a prospect is a bright back-side !
Where flow'rs and palms refresh the eye !
And days well spent like the glad East abide,
Whose morning-glories cannot die !

HENRY VAUGHAN

III. FRIENDS OF THE WAY

. . . Thanks to Him

*Who never is dishonoured in the spark
He gave us from his fire of fires, and bade
Remember whence it sprang, nor be afraid
While that burns on, though all the rest grow dark.*

ROBERT BROWNING



HELPERS

YE holy virgins, that so oft surround
The city's sapphire walls ; whose snowy feet
Measure the pearly paths of sacred ground,
And trace the new Jerus'lem's jasper street ;
Ah ! you whose care-forsaken hearts are crown'd
With your best wishes : that enjoy the sweet
Of all your hopes ; if e'er you chance to spy
My absent love, O tell him that I lie
Deep wounded from the flames that furnac'd from his eye.

I charge you, virgins, as you hope to hear
The heav'nly music of your Lover's voice ;
I charge you, by the solemn faith you bear
To plighted vows, and to the loyal choice
Of your affections ; or, if more dear
You hold, by Hymen, by your marriage joys ;
I charge you tell him that a flaming dart,
Shot from his eye, hath pierc'd my bleeding heart,
And I am sick of love and languish in my smart.

Tell him, O tell him, how my panting breast
Is scorch'd with flames, and how my soul is pin'd ;
Tell him, O tell him, how I lie opprest
With the full torments of a troubled mind ;
O tell him, tell him, that he loves in jest,
But I in earnest ; tell him he's unkind ;
But if a discontented frown appears
Upon his angry brow, accost his ears
With soft and fewer words, and act the rest in tears.

O tell him that his cruelties deprive
My soul of peace, while peace in vain she seeks ;
Tell him those damask roses, that did strive
With white, both fade upon my sallow cheeks ;

THE MOUNT OF VISION

Tell him no token doth proclaim I live,
But tears and sighs, and sobs and sudden shrieks ;
Thus if your piercing words should chance to bore
His heark'ning ear, and move a sigh, give o'er
To speak ; and tell him, tell him that I could no more.

If your elegious breath should hap to rouse
A happy tear, close harb'ring in his eye,
Then urge his plighted faith, the sacred vows,
Which neither I can break, nor he deny :
Bewail the torments of his loyal spouse,
That for his sake would make a sport to die ;
O blessed virgins, how my passion tires
Beneath the burden of her proud desires !
Heav'n never shot such flames, earth never felt such fires !

FRANCIS QUARLES

A VISION

I WAS in vision in a drear old place,
Where bodied and unbodied voices ranged,
And where the outward semblance hourly changed
From a huge vacant minster, to the face
Of a lone valley mid the rock-strewn hills ;
And now it was the wind within the nave
Which spoke to me, and now the murmuring wave,
Catching the bough that drooped upon the rills :
Yet, whether it were mountain-vale, or shrine
By cheerful ordinance untenanted,
The vision was but single, and outspread
In various unity like things divine.
And though its pictured forms and mystic tongue
Were strange to me, and though my barren sense
Was all unwrought to such intelligence
By stern ascetic life, yet while it sung,
Pouring forth strains of sweetness too profound

FRIENDS OF THE WAY

To be an earth-born song, my spirit drunk
Deep of the fertile waters till they sunk
Within my heart, and for a season drowned
The world and sin ! Ah me ! I feel them now,
Waking with strength refreshed from that short sleep :
So will I strive once more my soul to steep
In that wild song, and with the prophet go,
Not unalarmed, by Chobar's radiant banks,
And, kneeling far aloof in reverent fear,
In spirit bid the holy man go near,
And softly sing what of cherubic ranks
He haply may behold, where o'er his head—
O Lord, that I had faith that sight to see,
Which o'er my head this hour I know to be !—
The inner Heavens are visibly outspread.
But hark ! the song begins, while to the north
The priestly bard, o'er dim Chaldean plains
And misty brooks, his eye of rapture strains,
And lo ! a cloudy whirlwind driving forth !
He sings ! He sings ! how by the river side
From out the self-infolding cloud there came
An amber brightness, wings and wheels of flame,
And four mysterious creatures, many eyed,
With lamps that ran forth from them and returned ;
As when the clouds are every moment riven,
Then seem to catch their flashes back to heaven,
Even so the lightnings of that vision burned ;
And underneath their wings, but half concealed,
A human hand was resting, which might seem
To give sweet right to draw that waking dream
Unto ourselves, as though there were revealed
Therein the fortunes of our fallen race,
And what great things might haply yet be ours,
More than retrieving Eden's perished bowers,
With four fresh streams of more than Eden's grace.

F. W. FABER

THE MOUNT OF VISION

LIFE AFTER DEATH

WHEN Lazarus left his charnel-cave,
And home to Mary's house return'd,
Was this demanded—if he yearn'd
To hear her weeping by his grave?

“Where wert thou, brother, those four days?”
There lives no record of reply,
Which telling what it is to die
Had surely added praise to praise.

From every house the neighbours met,
The streets were filled with joyful sound,
A solemn gladness even crown'd
The purple brows of Olivet.

Behold a man raised up by Christ!
The rest remaineth unreveal'd;
He told it not; or something seal'd
The lips of that Evangelist.

Her eyes are homes of silent prayer,
No other thought her mind admits
But, he was dead, and there he sits,
And he that brought him back is there.

Then one deep love doth supersede
All other, when her ardent gaze
Roves from the living brother's face,
And rests upon the Life indeed.

All subtle thought, all curious fears,
Borne down by gladness so complete,
She bows, she bathes the Saviour's feet
With costly spikenard and with tears.

FRIENDS OF THE WAY

Thrice blessed whose lives are faithful prayers,
Whose loves in higher love endure ;
What souls possess themselves so pure,
Or is there blessedness like theirs ?

ALFRED TENNYSON
(*In Memoriam*)

THE BIRD

HITHER thou com'st : the busy wind all night
Blew through thy lodging, where thy own warm
wing
Thy pillow was. Many a sullen storm,
For which coarse man seems much the fitter born,
Rained on thy bed
And harmless head.

And now as fresh and cheerful as the light
Thy little heart in early hymns doth sing
Unto that Providence, Whose unseen arm
Curb'd them, and cloth'd thee well and warm.
All things that be praise Him ; and had
Their lesson taught them when first made.

So hills and valleys into singing break ;
And though poor stones have neither speech nor tongue,
While active winds and streams both run and speak,
Yet stones are deep in admiration.
Thus praise and prayer here beneath the sun
Make lesser mornings when the great is done.

For each enclosed spirit is a star
Enlight'ning his own little sphere,
Whose light, though fetch'd and borrow'd from far,
Both mornings makes and evenings there.

THE MOUNT OF VISION

But as these birds of light make a land glad,
Chirping their solemn matins on each tree :
So in the shades of night some dark fowls be,
Whose heavy notes make all that hear them sad.

The turtle then in palm-trees mourns,
While owls and satyrs howl ;
The pleasant land to brimstone turns,
And all her streams grow foul.

Brightness and mirth, and love and faith, all fly,
Till the day-spring breaks forth again from high.

HENRY VAUGHAN

BROTHERHOOD

NO softest murmurs through the city crept ;
Not one word had my guide unto me spoken,
Or I to him, no sooner had we stept
From forth the city, than the spell was broken.
A cool night wind came whispering. Through and
through,
It made me blessed with the pledge and token
Of that sweet spirit-wind which blows and blew
In human nature's heart since evermore.
And now beneath my feet the grass I knew,
Which was love too, and with the love I bore
Held mystic sympathy, silent and sweet,
For it had known the glad secret of yore ;
So now I long'd my brother's eye to meet,
My brother's voice to hear. Upon the grass
Sudden he stood. I stayed my following feet.
He turned. The face that in the old time was
Again smiled on me. Lord of Life, that smile
Was full of thee, and from me will not pass.
Fulfilled of strength and childlikeness the while,

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FRIENDS OF THE WAY

It was the same old radiance of the soul,
Able my selfish passions to beguile
Unto their gladsome death, and on them roll
That happy stone of the Holy Sepulchre.
"Brother," he said, "now art thou like me—whole
And sound and well ; and all the pain and stir
Uneasy, and the grief that came to us all,
Because we knew not how the wine and myrrh
Could ever from the vinegar and gall
Be parted— All is sunk and drowned in God,
Who on the past doth let no darkness fall,
But a sweet blast of light from light's abode,
That slays the false and bringeth out the true ;
And in the dreariest path which men have trod,
Shows prints of saving feet, both old and new,
Going before them and each weeping friend ;
Yea, through the desert leading to God's view
The desert souls in which the lions rend
And roar—the passionate who to be blest
Raven as bears, and do not gain their end,
Because that, save in God, can be no rest.

GEO. MACDONALD
(From *Somnium Mystic*)

FRIENDSHIP

HOW pure at heart and sound in head,
With what divine affections bold
Should be the man whose thought would hold
An hour's communion with the dead.

In vain shalt thou, or any, call
The spirits from their golden day,
Except, like them, thou too canst say,
My spirit is at peace with all.

THE MOUNT OF VISION

They haunt the silence of the breast,
Imaginations calm and fair.
The memory like a cloudless air,
The conscience as a sea at rest.

But when the heart is full of din,
And doubt beside the portal waits,
They can but listen at the gates,
And hear the household jar within.

ALFRED TENNYSON
(*In Memoriam*)

A HYMN IN HONOUR OF ST. TERESA

LOVE, thou art Absolute sole lord
Of life and death. To prove the word,
We'll now appeal to none of all
Those thy old soldiers, great and tall,
Ripe men of martyrdom, that could reach down
With strong arms, their triumphant crown ;
Such as could with lusty breath
Speak loud into the face of death
Their Great Lord's glorious name, to none
Of those whose spacious bosoms spread a throne
For Love at large to fill, spare blood and sweat ;
And see him take a private seat,
Making his mansion in the mild
And milky soul of a soft child.

Scarce had she learnt to lisp the name
Of Martyr ; yet she thinks it shame
Life should so long play with that breath
Which spent could buy so brave a death.
She never undertook to know
What death with love should have to do ;
Nor has she e'er yet understood
Why to shew love, she should shed blood.

FRIENDS OF THE WAY

Yet though she cannot tell you why,
She can love, and she can die.

Scarce has she blood enough to make
A guilty sword blush for her sake ;
Yet has she a Heart dares hope to prove
How much less strong is death than love.

Be love but there ; let poor six years
Be pos'd with the maturest fears
Man trembles at, you straight shall find
Love knows no nonage, nor the mind.
'Tis Love, not years nor limbs that can
Make the Martyr, or the man.

Love toucht her Heart, and lo it beats
High, and burns with such brave heats ;
Such thirsts to die, so dares drink up
A thousand cold deaths in one cup.
Good reason. For she breathes all fire.
Her weak breast heaves with strong desire
Of what she may with fruitless wishes
Seek from amongst her mother's kisses.

Since 'tis not to be had at home
She'll travel to a Martyrdom.
No home for her confesses she
But where she may a Martyr be.

She'll to the Moors : and trade with them,
For this unvalued Diadem.
She'll offer them her dearest breath,
With Christ's Name in't, in change for death.
She'll bargain with them ; and will give
Them God ; teach them how to live
In Him : or, if they this deny,
For Him she'll teach them how to die.
So shall she leave amongst them sown
Her Lord's Blood ; or at least her own.
Farewell then, all the world ! Adieu.
Teresa is no more for you.

THE MOUNT OF VISION

Farewell, pleasures, sports and joys,
(Never till now esteemed toys)
Farewell whatever dear may be
Mother's arms or Father's knee.
Farewell house and farewell home !
She's for the Moors, and Martyrdom.

Sweet, not so fast ! lo thy fair Spouse
Whom thou seekst with so swift vows,
Calls thee back, and bids thee come
T' embrace a milder Martyrdom.

Blest powers forbid, Thy tender life
Should bleed upon a barbarous knife ;
Or some base hand have power to race
Thy breast's chaste cabinet, or uncase
A soul kept there so sweet, oh no ;
Wise heav'n will never have it so.
Thou art love's victim ; and must die
A death more mystical and high.
Into Love's arms thou shalt let fall
A still-surviving funeral.
His is the Dart must make the Death
Whose stroke shall taste thy hallow'd breath ;
A Dart thrice dipt in that rich Flame
Which writes thy Spouse's radiant Name
Upon the roof of Heav'n ; where aye
It shines and with a sovereign ray
Beats bright upon the burning faces
Of souls which in that Name's sweet graces
Find everlasting smiles. So rare,
So spiritual, pure and fair
Must be th' immortal instrument
Upon whose choice point shall be sent
A life so lov'd ; And that there be
Fit executioners for thee,
The fair'st and first-born sons of fire
Blest Seraphim, shall leave their choir

FRIENDS OF THE WAY

And turn love's soldiers, upon thee
To exercise their archery.

O how oft shalt thou complain
Of a sweet and subtle pain.
Of intolerable joys ;
Of a Death, in which who dies
Loves his death, and dies again,
And would for ever so be slain,
And lives and dies ; and knows not why
To live, But that he thus may never leave to die.

How kindly will thy gentle Heart
Kiss the sweetly killing Dart !
And close in his embraces keep
Those delicious Wounds, that weep
Balsam to heal themselves with. Thus
When these thy Deaths, so numerous,
Shall all at last die into one,
And melt thy soul's sweet mansion ;
Like a soft lump of incense, hasted
By too hot fire, and wasted
Into perfuming clouds, so fast
Shalt thou exhale to Heav'n at last
In a resolving sigh, and then
O what ? Ask not the tongues of men.
Angels cannot tell, suffice,
Thyself shall feel thy own full joys
And hold them fast for ever there.
So soon as you first appear,
The Moon of maiden stars, thy white
Mistress, attended by such bright
Souls as thy shining self, shall come
And in her first ranks make thee room ;
Where 'mongst her snowy family
Immortal welcomes wait for thee.

O what delight, when reveal'd Life shall stand
And teach thy lips heav'n with his hand ;

THE MOUNT OF VISION

On which thou now may'st to thy wishes
Heap up thy consecrated kisses.

What joys shall seize thy soul, when she
Bending her blessed eyes on thee
(Those second smiles of Heav'n) shall dart
Her mild rays through thy melting heart !

Angels, thy old friends, there shall greet thee
Glad at their own home now to meet thee.

All thy good Works which went before
And waited for thee, at the door,
Shall own thee there ; and all in one
Weave a constellation
Of Crowns, with which the King thy Spouse
Shall build up thy triumphant brows.

All thy old woes shall now smile on thee
And thy pains sit bright upon thee
All thy suff'rings be divine.

Tears shall take comfort, and turn gems
And wrongs repent to diadems.

Even thy Death shall live ; and new
Dress the soul that erst they slew.

Thy wounds shall blush to such bright scars
As keep account of the Lamb's wars.

Those rare Works where thou shalt leave writ
Love's noble history, with wit

Taught thee by none but him, while here
They feed our souls, shall clothe thine there.

Each heav'nly word by whose hid flame
Our hard hearts shall strike fire, the same
Shall flourish on thy brows, and be
Both fire to us, and flame to thee ;
Whose light shall live bright in thy face
By glory, in our hearts by grace.

Thou shalt look round about, and see
Thousands of crown'd souls throng to be
Themselves thy crown. Sons of thy vows

FRIENDS OF THE WAY

The virgin-births with which thy sovereign Spouse
Made fruitful thy fair soul, go now
And with them all about thee, bow
To him ; Put on, He'll say, put on
(My rosy love) that thy rich zone
Sparkling with the sacred flames
Of thousand souls, whose happy names
Heav'n kept upon thy score, (Thy bright
Life brought them first to kiss the light
That kindled them to stars.) and so
Thou with the Lamb, thy Lord, shalt go ;
And wheresoe'er He sets His white
Steps, walk with Him those ways of light
Which who in death would live to see
Must learn in life to die like thee.

RICHARD CRASHAW

COMPANIONS

THY voice is on the rolling air ;
I hear thee where the waters run ;
Thou standest in the rising sun,
And in the setting thou art fair.

What art thou then ? I cannot guess ;
But tho' I seem in star and flower
To feel thee some diffusive power,
I do not therefore love thee less :

My love involves the love before ;
My love is vaster passion now ;
Tho' mix'd with God and Nature thou,
I seem to love thee more and more.

THE MOUNT OF VISION

Far off thou art, but ever nigh ;
I have thee still, and I rejoice ;
I prosper, circled with thy voice ;
I shall not lose thee tho' I die.

ALFRED TENNYSON
(*In Memoriam*)

A DEATH IN THE DESERT

I SAID, "If one should wet his lips with wine.
" And slip the broadest plantain-leaf we find,
" Or else the lappet of a linen robe,
" Into the water-vessel, lay it right,
" And cool his forehead just above the eyes,
" The while a brother, kneeling either side,
" Should chafe each hand and try to make it warm,—
" He is not so far gone but he might speak."

This did not happen in the outer cave,
Nor in the secret chamber of the rock
Where, sixty days since the decree was out,
We had him, bedded on a camel-skin,
And waited for his dying all the while ;
But in the midmost grotto : since noon's light
Reached there a little, and we would not lose
The last of what might happen on his face.

.

Then the Boy sprang up from his knees, and ran,
Stung by the splendour of a sudden thought,
And fetched the seventh plate of graven lead
Out of the secret chamber, found a place,
Pressing with fingers on the deeper dints,
And spoke, as 'twere his mouth proclaiming first,
"I am the Resurrection and the Life."

F R I E N D S O F T H E W A Y

Whereat he opened his eyes wide at once,
And sat up of himself, and looked at us :
And thenceforth nobody pronounced a word.

.

First he said, " If a friend declared to me,
" This my son Valens, this my other son,
" Were James and Peter,—nay, declared as well
" This lad was very John,—I could believe !
" — Could, for a moment, doubtlessly believe.
" So is myself withdrawn into my depths,
" The soul retreated from the perished brain
" Whence it was wont to feel and use the world
" Through these dull members, done with long ago.
" Yet I myself remain ; I feel myself :
" And there is nothing lost. Let be, awhile."

[This is the doctrine he was wont to teach,
How divers persons witness in each man,
Three souls that make up one soul : first, to wit,
A soul in each and all the bodily parts,
Seated therein, which works, and is what Does,
And has the use of earth, and ends the man
Downward: but, tending upward for advice,
Grows into, and again is grown into
By the next soul, which, seated in the brain,
Useth the first with its collected use,
And feeleth, thinketh, willeth,— is what Knows :
Which, duly tending upward in its turn,
Grows into, and again is grown into
By the last soul, that uses both the first,
Subsisting whether they assist or no,
And, constituting man's self, is what Is—
And leans upon the former, makes it play,
As that played off the first, and, tending up,
Holds, is upheld by, God,—and ends the man

THE MOUNT OF VISION

Upward in that dread point of intercourse,
Nor needs a place, for it returns to Him.
What Does, what Knows, what Is ; three souls, one man.
I give the glossa of Theotypas.]

And then, "A stick, once fire from end to end,
"Now, ashes save the tip that holds a spark !
"Yet, blow the spark, it runs back, spreads itself
"A little where the fire was : thus I urge
"The soul that served me, till it task once more
"What ashes of my brain have kept their shape,
"And these make effort on the last o' the flesh,
"Trying to taste again the truth of things"—
(He smiled)—"their very superficial truth ;
"As that ye are my sons, that it is long
"Since James and Peter had release by death,
"And I am only he, your brother John,
"Who saw and heard, and could remember all.
"Remember all ! It is not much to say.
"What if the truth broke on me from above
"As once and oft-times ? Such might hap again :
"Doubtless He might stand in presence here,
"With head wool-white, eyes flame, and feet like brass,
"The sword and the seven stars, as I have seen—
"I who now shudder only and surmise
" ' How did your brother bear that sight and live ' ?
"If I live yet, it is for good, more love
"Through me to men ; be nought but ashes here
"That keep awhile my semblance, who was John,—
"Still, when they scatter, there is left on earth
"No one alive who knew (consider this !)
"—Saw with his eyes and handled with his hands
"That which was from the first, the Word of Life.
"How will it be when none more saith ' I saw ' ?

"Such ever was love's way : to rise, it stoops.

FRIENDS OF THE WAY

“Since I, whom Christ’s mouth taught, was bidden teach,
“I went, for many years, about the world,
“Saying, ‘It was so ; so I heard and saw,’
“Speaking as the case asked : and men believed.
“Afterward came the message to myself
“In Patmos isle : I was not bidden teach,
“But simply listen, take a book and write,
“Nor set down other than the given word,
“With nothing left to my arbitrament
“To choose or change : I wrote and men believed.
“Then, for my time grew brief, no message more,
“No call to write again, I found a way,
“And, reasoning from my knowledge, merely taught
“Men should, for love’s sake, in love’s strength believe ;
“Or I would pen a letter to a friend,
“And urge the same as friend, nor less nor more :
“Friends said I reasoned rightly, and believed.

.
“Finally, thus endeavouring, I fell sick,
“Ye brought me here, and I supposed the end,
“And went to sleep with one thought that, at least,
“Though the whole world should lie in wickedness,
“We had the truth, might leave the rest to God.
“Yet now I wake in such decrepitude
“As I had slidden down and fallen afar,
“Past even the presence of my former self,
“Grasping the while for stay at facts which snap,
“Till I am found away from my own world,
“Feeling for foothold through a blank profound,
“Along with unborn people in strange lands,
“Who say—I hear said or conceive they say—
“‘Was John at all, and did he say he saw ?
“Assure us, ere we ask what he might see !’

“And how can I assure them ? Can they share

THE MOUNT OF VISION

“—They who have flesh, a veil of flesh and strength
“About each spirit, that needs must bide its time,
“Living and learning still as years assist
“Which wear the thickness thin, and let men see—
“With me who hardly am withheld at all,
“But shudderingly, scarce a shred between,
“Lie bare to the universal prick of light ?
“Is it for nothing we grow old and weak,
“We whom God loves ? When pain ends, gain ends too.
“To me, that story—ay, that Life and Death
“Of which I wrote ‘it was’—to me, it is ;
“Is, here and now : I apprehend nought else.
“Is not God now i’ the world His power first made ?
“Is not His love at issue still with sin,
“Visibly when a wrong is done on earth ?
“Love, wrong, and pain, what see I else around ?
“Yea, and the Resurrection and Uprise
“To the right hand of the throne—what is it beside,
“When such truth, breaking bounds, o’erfloods my soul,
“And as I saw the sin and death, even so
“See I the need yet transiency of both,
“The good and glory consummated thence ?
“I saw the power : I see the Love, once weak,
“Resume the Power : and in this word ‘I see.’
“Lo, there is recognised the Spirit of both
“That, moving o’er the spirit of man, unblinds
“His eye and bids him look. These are, I see,
“But ye, the children, His beloved ones too,
“Ye need,—as I should use an optic glass
“I wondered at erewhile, somewhere i’ the world,
“It had been given a crafty smith to make ;
“A tube, he turned on objects brought too close,
“Lying confusedly insubordinate
“For the unassisted eye to master once :
“Look through his tube, at distance now they lay,
“Become succinct, distinct, so small, so clear !

F R I E N D S O F T H E W A Y

"Just thus, ye needs must apprehend what truth
 "I see, reduced to plain historic fact,
 "Diminished into clearness, proved a point
 "And far away : ye would withdraw your sense
 "From out eternity, strain it upon time,
 "Then stand upon that fact, that Life and Death,
 "Stay there to gaze, till it dispart, dispread,
 "As though a star should open out, all sides,
 "Grow the world on you, as it is my world.

"For life, with all it yields of joy and woe,
 "And hope and fear,—believe the aged friend,—
 "Is just our chance o' the prize of learning love,
 "How love might be, hath been indeed, and is :
 "And that we hold henceforth to the uttermost
 "Such prize despite the envy of the world.
 "And, having gained truth, keep truth : that is all.
 "But see the double way wherein we are led,
 "How the soul learns diversely from the flesh !
 "With flesh, that has so little time to stay,
 "And yields mere basement for the soul's emprise,
 "Expect prompt teaching. Helpful was the light,
 "And warmth was cherishing and food was choice
 "To every man's flesh, thousand years ago,
 "As now to yours and mine : the body sprang
 "At once to the height, and stayed : but the soul, no !
 "Since sages who, this noontide, meditate
 "In Rome or Athens, may descry some point
 "Of the eternal power, hid yestereve ;
 "And, as thereby the power's whole mass extends,
 "So much extends the æther floating o'er,
 "The love that tops the might, the Christ in God.

"—Man is not God, but hath God's end to serve,
 "A master to obey, a course to take,
 "Somewhat to cast off, somewhat to become.

THE MOUNT OF VISION

“Grant this, then man must pass from old to new,
“From vain to real, from mistake to fact,
“From what once seemed good, to what now proves best.
“How could man have progression otherwise ?
“Before the point was mooted ‘What is God ?’
“No savage man inquired ‘What am myself ?’
“Much less replied ‘First, last, and best of things.’
“Man takes that title now if he believes
“Might can exist with neither will nor love,
“In God’s case—what he names now Nature’s law—
“While in himself he recognises love
“No less than might and will : and rightly takes.
“Since if man prove the sole existent thing
“Where these combine, whatever their degree,
“However weak the might or will or love,
“So they be found there, put in evidence,—
“He is as surely higher in the scale
“Than any might with neither love nor will,
“As life, apparent in the poorest midge,
“(When the faint dust-speck flits, ye guess its wing)
“Is marvellous beyond dead Atlas’ self—
“Given to the nobler midge for resting-place,
“Thus, man proves best and highest—God, in fine,
“And thus the victory leads but to defeat,
“The gain to loss, best rise to the worst fall,
“His life becomes impossible, which is death.

“But if, appealing thence, he cower, avouch
“He is mere man, and in humility
“Neither may know God nor mistake himself ;
“I point to the immediate consequence
“And say, by such confession straight he falls
“Into man’s place, a thing nor God nor beast,
“Made to know that he can know and no more :
“Lower than God who knows all and can all,
“Higher than beasts who know and can so far

FRIENDS OF THE WAY

“As each beast’s limit, perfect to an end,
“Nor conscious that they know, nor craving more ;
“While man knows partly but conceives beside,
“Creeps ever on from fancies to the fact,
“And in this striving, this converting air,
“Into a solid he may grasp and use,
“Finds progress, man’s distinctive mark alone,
“Not God’s and not the beast’s : God is, they are,
“Man partly is and wholly hopes to be.

.
“If ye demur, this judgment on your head,
“Never to reach the ultimate, angels’ law,
“Indulging every instinct of the soul
“There where law, life, joy, impulse are one thing !
“Such is the burden of the latest time.
“I have survived to hear it with my ears,
“Answer it with my lips : does this suffice ?
“For if there be a further woe than such,
“Wherein my brothers struggling need a hand,
“So long as any pulse is left in mine,
“May I be absent ever longer yet,
“Plucking the blind ones back from the abyss,
“Though I should tarry a new hundred years !”

But he was dead ; ’twas about noon, the day
Somewhat declining : we five buried him
That eve, and then, dividing, went five ways,
And I, disguised, returned to Ephesus.

.
Believe ye will not see him any more
About the world with his divine regard !
For all was as I say, and now the man
Lies as he lay once, breast to breast with God.

ROBERT BROWNING

THE MOUNT OF VISION

REGINA CÆLI

SAY, did his sisters wonder what could Joseph see
In a mild, silent little maid like thee ?
And was it awful, in that narrow house,
With God for Babe and Spouse ?
Nay, like thy simple, female sort, each one
Apt to find Him in Husband and in Son,
Nothing to thee came strange in this
Thy wonder was but wondrous bliss :
Wondrous, for, though
True Virgin lives not but does know,
(Howbeit none ever yet confess'd,)
That God lies really in her breast,
Of thine He made His special nest !
And so
All mothers worship little feet,
And kiss the very ground they've trod ;
But, ah, thy little Baby sweet
Who was indeed thy God !

COVENTRY PATMORE

THE SAINT

AND one there was whose face was softly set
To find the light which lighteneth from above,
Who in all anguish never should forget
The dear face of his love :
Nay, nor that hour, instinct with holy fear,
What time, but not with sleep, his eyes were dim,
While in the dead night, till the dawn was near,
She fought with God for him.

FRIENDS OF THE WAY

Yet how by thought her presence to renew ?
What pale reflection of the glory fled ?
To whom can I compare her ? whereunto
Shall she be likened ?

With such a look methinks in such a prayer,
On sacred walls the sweet Sebastian stands,
To cruel arrows offering his bare
White breast and holy hands :
Or so with earnest eyes and brow serene
By some great painter grandly pictured,
S. Roderic the martyr waits between
The living and the dead.
Yea, ere his feet have fallen or eye be dim
Stands the death-smitten saint, his service done ;
And high from heaven an angel holds to him
The crown which he has won.

Or such a spirit theirs, nor yet forgot,
Of whom in simple speech their legends tell
That those weak virgins also chose their lot
In evil ages well :
Who in stern oath had terribly decreed,
If by all effort anywise they can,
With leaguered enterprise to intercede
For fallen states of man ;
Nor ever for a moment found they rest,
Nor sank at any time from fierce desire,
Nor ever failed from some consuming breast
The flame of sacred fire.

But whether solemn chaunt they celebrate
To Father and to Son and Holy Ghost,
Or silently with settled eyes await
The showing of the Host :

THE MOUNT OF VISION

Or whether sacred service of the dead
In mindful music carefully they keep,
Or haply on their eyes hath lightened
 The short repose of sleep :
Always in sure succession night and day
Uplifting tireless hands before the throne,
One woman, strongly confident to pray,
 Besought the Lord alone.

And one wail trembled thro' the holy trance,
And the same sigh thro' that enduring prayer :
“ Have pity, O God ! on Thine inheritance,
 Christ, my Redeemer, spare ! ”
Behold she prayeth : and the crimson beams
Of sad declining day have vanished soon,
And coldly clearly thro' the casement streams
 The silence of the moon :
And sometimes ere the watch be wholly done
Her spirit swooneth for a little space,
And sometimes in her agony the nun
 Hath fallen upon her face :

Yea, when the sense of earth is rapt and gone,—
No dream nor vision nor spirit nor any ghost,
A solemn Presence seems to light upon
 The wafer of the Host.

Then surely from her trance she would not fall
Were bolts on thunder-bolts about her hurled,
Nor in her ecstasy would heed at all

 The blazing of the world :
But when the last, the day of days shall come
And by strange hosts the space of air is trod,
And Christ the Lord descends to gather home
 His saints, Elect of God ;

FRIENDS OF THE WAY

Then shalt Thou find that woman waiting there,
And with Thine own hands wake her wonderfully,
And lift her from her last most precious prayer
To Thee, my God, to Thee.

F. W. H. MYERS

MOTHER OF SORROWS

IN shade of death's sad Tree
Stood Doleful She.

Ah She ! now by none other
Name to be known, alas, but Sorrow's Mother.

Before her eyes
Hers, and the whole world's joys,
Hanging all torn she sees ; and in his woes
And Pains, her Pangs and throes.
Each wound of His, from every Part,
All, more at home in her one heart.

What kind of marble then
Is that cold man
Who can look on and see,
Nor keep such noble sorrows company ?
Sure e'en from you
(My Flints) some drops are due
To see so many unkind swords contest
So fast for one soft Breast,
While with a faithful, mutual flood
Her eyes bleed Tears, his wounds weep Blood.

O costly intercourse
Of deaths and worse,
Divided loves. While son and mother
Discourse alternate wounds to one another ;
Quick Deaths that grow

THE MOUNT OF VISION

And gather as they come and go ;
His nails write swords in her, which soon her heart
Pays back, with more than their own smart ;
Her Swords, still growing with his pain,
Turn Spears, and straight come home again.

She sees her son, her God,
Bow with a load
Of borrow'd sins ; and swim
In woes that were not made for Him.

Ah, hard command
Of love ! Here must she stand
Charg'd to look on, and with a steadfast eye
See her life die :
Leaving her only so much Breath
As serves to keep alive her death.

O Mother turtle-dove !
Soft source of love
That these dry lids might borrow
Something from thy full Seas of sorrow !
O in that breast
Of thine (the noblest nest
Both of love's fires and floods) might I recline
This hard, cold Heart of mine !
The chill lump would relent, and prove
Soft subject for the siege of love.

O teach those wounds to bleed
In me ; me, so to read
This book of loves, thus writ
In hues of death, my life may copy it
With loyal cares.
O let me, here, claim shares ;
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FRIENDS OF THE WAY

Yield something in thy sad prerogative
(Great Queen of griefs) and give
Me too my tears ; who, though all stone,
Think much that thou shouldst mourn alone.

Yea, let my life and me
Fix here with thee,
And at the Humble foot
Of this fair Tree take our eternal root.
That so we may
At least be in love's way
And in these chaste wars while the wing's wounds flee
So fast 'twixt him and thee,
My breast may catch the kiss of some kind dart,
Though as at second hand, from either heart.

You, your own best Darts
Dear, doleful hearts !
Hail, and strike home and make me see
That wounded bosoms their own weapons be.
Come wounds ! come darts !
Nail'd hands ! and pierced hearts !
Come your whole selves, sorrow's great son and mother !
Nor grudge a younger Brother
Of griefs his portion, who (had all their due)
One single wound should not be left for you.

Shall I, set there
So deep a share
(Dear wounds) and only now
In sorrows draw no Dividend with you ?
O be more wise
If not more soft, mine eyes !
Flow, tardy founts ! and into decent showers
Dissolve my Days and Hours.
And if thou yet (faint soul !) defer
To bleed with him, fail not to weep with her.

THE MOUNT OF VISION

Rich Queen, lend some relief ;
At least an alms of grief
To a heart who by sad right of sin
Could prove the whole sum (too sure) due to him.
By all those stings
Of love, sweet bitter things,
Which these torn hands transcrib'd on thy true heart
O teach mine too the art
To study him so, till we mix
Wounds, and become one crucifix.

O let me suck the wine
So long of this chaste vine
Till drunk of the dear wounds, I be
A lost Thing to the world, as it to me.
O faithful friend
Of me and of my end !
Fold up my life in love ; and lay't beneath
My dear Lord's vital death.
Lo, heart, thy hope's whole Plea ! Her precious Breath
Pour'd out in prayers for thee ; thy Lord's in death.
RICHARD CRASHAW

UNSEEN COMPANIONS

WHY blowest thou not, thou wintry wind,
Now every leaf is brown and sere,
And idly droops, to thee resigned,
The fading chaplet of the year ?
Yet wears the pure aerial sky
Her summer veil, half drawn on high,
Of silvery haze, and dark and still
The shadows sleep on every slanting hill.

FRIENDS OF THE WAY

How quiet shews the woodland scene !

Each flower and tree, its duty done,
Reposing in decay serene,

Like weary men when age is won,
Such calm old age as conscience pure
And self commanding hearts ensure,
Waiting their summons to the sky,
Content to live, but not afraid to die.

Sure if our eyes were purged to trace

God's unseen armies hovering round,
We should behold by angel's grace

The four strong winds of Heaven fast bound,
Their downward sweep a moment stayed
On ocean-cove and forest glade,
Till the last flower of autumn shed
Her funeral odours on her dying bed.

So in Thine awful armoury, Lord,

The lightnings of the judgment day
Pause yet awhile, in mercy stored,

Till willing hearts wear quite away
Their earthly stains ; and spotless shine
On every brow in light divine
The Cross by angel hands impressed,
The seal of glory won, and pledge of promised rest.

Little they dream, those haughty souls

Whom empires own with bended knee,
What lowly fate their own controls,

Together linked by Heaven's decree ;—
As bloodhounds hush their baying wild
To wanton with some fearless child,
So Famine waits, and War with greedy eyes,
Till some repenting heart be ready for the skies.

THE MOUNT OF VISION

Think ye the spires that glow so bright

In front of yonder setting sun,
Stand by their own unshaken might ?

No—where the upholding grace is won,
We dare not ask, nor Heaven would tell,
But sure from many a hidden dell,
From many a rural nook unthought of there,
Rises from that proud world the Saints' prevailing prayer.

On champions blest, in Jesus' name,

Short be your strife, your triumph full,

Till every heart have caught your flame,

And lightened of the world's misrule

Ye soar those elder Saints to meet,

Gathered long since at Jesus' feet,

No world of passion to destroy,

Your prayers and struggles o'er, your task all praise and joy.

JOHN KEBLE

(From *The Christian Year*)

UNION CONSUMMATED

(FROM *ADONAIS*)

NOR let us weep that our delight is fled
Far from these carrion kites that scream below ;
He wakes or sleeps with the enduring dead :

Thou canst not soar where he is sitting now,

Dust to the dust ! but the pure spirit shall flow

Back to the burning fountain whence it came,

A portion of the Eternal, which shall glow

Through time and change, unquenchably the same,

Whilst thy cold embers choke the sordid hearth of shame.

Peace, peace ! he is not dead, he doth not sleep—

He hath awakened from the dream of life—

'Tis we, who, lost in stormy visions, keep

With phantoms an unprofitable strife.

FRIENDS OF THE WAY

And in mad trance strike with our spirit's knife
Invulnerable nothings.—*We* decay
Like corpses in a charnel ; fear and grief
Convulse us and consume us day by day,
And cold hopes swarm like worms within our living clay.

He has outsoared the shadow of our night ;
Envy and calumny, and hate and pain,
And that unrest which men miscall delight,
Can touch him not and torture not again ;
From the contagion of the world's slow stain
He is secure, and now can never mourn
A heart grown cold, a head grown grey in vain ;
Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,
With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn.

He is made one with Nature : there is heard
His voice in all her music, from the moan
Of thunder, to the song of night's sweet bird ;
He is a presence to be felt and known
In darkness and in light, from herb and stone,
Spreading itself where'er that Power may move
Which has withdrawn his being to its own ;
Which wields the world with never-wearied love,
Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

He is a portion of the loveliness
Which once he made more lovely : he doth bear
His part, while the one Spirit's plastic stress
Sweeps through the dull dense world, compelling there
All new successions to the form they wear ;
Torturing the unwilling dross that checks its flight
To its own likeness, as each mass they bear ;
And bursting in its beauty and its might
From trees and beasts and men into the Heaven's light.

THE MOUNT OF VISION

The splendours of the firmament of time
May be eclipsed, but are extinguished not ;
Like stars to their appointed height they climb,
And death is a low mist which cannot blot
The brightness it may veil. When lofty thought
Lifts a young heart above its mortal lair,
And love and life contend in it, for what
Shall be its earthly doom, the dead live there
And move like winds of light on dark and stormy air.
P. B. SHELLEY

PRAISE

ETERNAL Spirit ! universal God !
Power inaccessible to human thought,
Save by degrees and steps which thou hast deigned
To furnish ; for this effluence of thyself,
To the infirmity of mortal sense
Vouchsafed ; this local transitory type
Of thy paternal splendours, and the pomp
Of those who fill thy courts in highest heaven,
The radiant Cherubim ;—accept the thanks
Which we, thy humble creatures, here convened,
Presumed to offer ; we, who—from the breast
Of the frail earth, permitted to behold
The faint reflections only of thy face—
Are yet exalted, and in soul adore !
Such as they are who in thy presence stand
Unsullied, incorruptible, and drink
Imperishable majesty streamed forth
From thy empyreal throne, the elect of earth
Shall be—divested at the appointed hour
Of all dishonour, cleansed from mortal stain.
Accomplish, then, their number ; and conclude
Time's weary course ! Or, if, by thy decree,

FRIENDS OF THE WAY

The consummation that will come by stealth
Be yet far distant, let thy Word prevail,
Oh ! let thy Word prevail, to take away
The sting of human nature. Spread the law,
As it is written in thy holy book,
Throughout all lands : let every nation hear
The high behest, and every heart obey ;
Both for the love of purity, and hope
Which it affords, to such as do thy will
And persevere in good, that they shall rise,
To have a nearer view of thee, in heaven.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
(From *The Excursion*)

A FRIEND'S LAST LINES

NO coward soul is mine,
No trembler in the world's storm-troubled
sphere :

I see Heaven's glories shine,
And faith shines equal, arming me from fear.

O God within my breast,
Almighty, ever-present Deity !
Life—that in me has rest,
As I—undying Life—have power in thee !

Vain are the thousand creeds
That move men's hearts : unutterably vain ;
Worthless as withered weeds,
Or idlest froth amid the boundless main,

To waken doubt in one
Holding so fast by thine infinity ;
So surely anchored on
The steadfast rock of immortality.

THE MOUNT OF VISION

With wide embracing love
Thy spirit animates eternal years,
Pervades and broods above,
Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates and rears.

Though earth and man were gone,
And suns and universes ceased to be,
And Thou wert left alone,
Every existence would exist in Thee.

There is no room for Death,
Nor atom that his might could render void :
Thou—Thou art Being and Breath,
And what Thou art may never be destroyed.

EMILY BRONTË

IV. THE OPEN VISION

*Thus doth Thy hospitable greatness lie
Outside us like a boundless sea ;
We cannot lose ourselves where all is home,
Nor drift away from Thee.*

F. W. FABER

THE PREPARATIVE

MY body being dead, my limbs unknown :
Before I skill'd to prize
Those living stars my eyes,
Before my tongue or cheeks were to me shown.
Before I knew my hands were mine,
Or that my sinews did my members join,
When neither nostril, foot or ear
As yet was seen, or felt, or did appear,
I was within
A house I knew not, newly cloth'd with skin.

Then was my soul my only all to me,
A living, endless eye,
Just bounded with the sky,
Whose power, whose act, whose essence, was to see :
I was an inward Sphere of Light,
Or an interminable Orb of Sight,
An endless and a living day,
A vital Sun that round about did ray
All life, all sense,
A naked, simple, pure Intelligence.

I then no thirst nor hunger did perceive,
No dull necessity,
No want was known to me ;
Without disturbance then I did receive
The fair ideas of all things,
And had the honey even without the stings.
A meditating, inward eye
Gazing at quiet did within me lie,
And every thing
Delighted me that was their heavenly king.

THE MOUNT OF VISION

For sight inherits beauty, hearing sounds,
 The nostril sweet perfumes,
 All tastes have hidden rooms
Within the tongue ; and feeling feeling wounds
 With pleasure and delight ; but I
Forgot the rest, and was all sight or eye :
 Unbodied and devoid of care,
Just as in Heaven the Holy Angels are,
 For simple sense
To Lord of all created excellence.

Being thus prepared for all felicity,
 Not prepossess with dross,
 Nor stiffly glued to gross
And dull materials that might ruin me,
 Nor fettered by an iron fate
With vain affections to my earthly state
 To anything that might seduce
My sense, or else bereave it of its use

 I was as free
As if there were nor sin, nor misery.

Pure empty powers that did nothing loathe,
 Did like the fairest glass,
 Or spotless polished brass,
Themselves soon in their object's image clothe.
 Divine impressions when they came
Did quickly enter and my soul inflame.

 'Tis not the object but the light
That maketh Heaven : 'tis a purer sight.

 Felicity
Appears to none but them that purely see.

A disentangled and a naked sense,
 A mind that's impossest,
 A disengaged breast
An empty and a quick intelligence

THE OPEN VISION

Acquainted with the golden mean.
An even spirit pure and serene,
Is that where beauty, excellence,
And pleasure keep their Court of Residence.

My soul retire,
Get free, and thou shalt even all admire.

THOMAS TRAHERNE

THE INVITATION

COME ye hither all, whose taste
Is your waste ;
Save your cost, and mend your fare.
God is here prepar'd and drest,
And the feast,
God, in whom all dainties are.

Come ye hither all, whom wine
Doth define,
Naming you not to your good :
Weep what you have drunk amiss,
And drink this,
Which before ye drink is blood.

Come ye hither all, whom pain
Doth arraign,
Bringing all your sins to sight :
Taste and fear not : God is here
In this cheer,
And on sin doth cast the fright.

Come ye hither all, whom joy
Doth destroy,
While ye graze without your bounds :
Here is joy that drowneth quite
Your delight,
As a flood the lower grounds.

THE MOUNT OF VISION

Come ye hither all, whose love
 Is your dove,
And exalts you to the sky :
Here is love, which having breath
 Ev'n in death,
After death can never die.

Lord, I have invited all,
 And I shall
Still invite, still call on thee :
For it seems but just and right
 In my sight,
Where is all, there all should be.

GEORGE HERBERT

THE ONE SPIRIT

BY one pervading spirit
Of tones and numbers all things are controlled,
As sages taught, where faith was found to merit
Initiation in that mystery old.
The heavens, whose aspect makes our minds as still
As they themselves appear to be,
Innumerable voices fill
With everlasting harmony ;
The towering headlands, crowned with mist,
Their feet among the billows, know
That ocean is a mighty harmonist ;
Thy pinions, universal Air,
Ever waving to and fro,
Are delegates of harmony, and bear
Strains that support the seasons in their round ;
Stern Winter loves a dirge-like sound.

THE OPEN VISION

Break forth into thanksgiving,
Ye banded instruments of winds and chords ;
Unite, to magnify the Ever-living,
Your inarticulate notes with the voice of words !
Nor hushed be service from the lowing mead
Nor mute the forest hum of noon ;
Thou too hast heard, lone eagle ! freed
From snowy peak and cloud, attune
Thy hungry barkings to the hymn
Of joy, that from her utmost walls
The six-days' work by flaming Seraphim
Transmits to Heaven ! As Deep to Deep
Shouting through one valley calls
All worlds, all natures, mood and measure keep
For praise and ceaseless gratulation, poured
Into the ear of God, their Lord !

A Voice to Light gave Being ;
To Time, and man his earthborn chronicler ;
A Voice shall finish doubt and dim foreseeing,
And sweep away life's visionary stir ;
The trumpet (we, intoxicate with pride,
Arm at its blast for deadly wars)
To archangelic lips applied,
The grave shall open, quench the stars.
O Silence ! are man's noisy years
No more than moments of thy life ?
Is Harmony, blest queen of smiles and tears,
With her smooth tones and discords just,
Tempered into rapturous strife,
Thy destined bonds slave ? No ! though earth be dust
And vanish, though the heavens dissolve, her stay
Is in the Word, that shall not pass away.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
(*On the Power of Sound*)

THE MOUNT OF VISION

LAND HO!

I KNOW 'tis but a loom of land,
Yet is it land, and so I will rejoice,
I know I cannot hear His voice
Upon the shore, nor see Him stand;
Yet is it land, ho! land.

The land! the land! the lovely land!
"Far off" dost say? *Far off*—Ah, blessed home!
Farewell! Farewell! thou salt sea-foam!
Ah, keel upon the silver sand—
Land ho! land.

You cannot see the land, my land,
You cannot see, and yet the land is there—
My land, my land, through murky air—
I did not say 'twas close at hand—
But—land ho! land.

Dost hear the bells of my sweet land,
Dost hear the kine, dost hear the merry birds?
No voice, 'tis true, no spoken words,
No tongue that thou may'st understand—
Yet is it land, ho! land.

It's clad in purple mists, my land,
In regal robe it is apparellèd,
A crown is set upon its head,
And on its breast a golden band—
Land ho! land.

Dost wonder that I long for land?
My land is not a land as others are—
Upon its crest there beams a star,
And lilies grow upon the strand—
Land ho! land.

THE OPEN VISION

Give me the helm ! there is the land !
Ha ! lusty mariners, she takes the breeze !
And what my spirit sees it sees—
Leap, bark, as leaps the thunder-brand,
Land ho ! land.

T. E. BROWN

THE MOUNTAINS

LET none but priests or lowly men draw nigh
Unto the lofty mountains, to invade
The awful sanctuary God hath built
Upon their desert sides. There was a time,
Ere the unholy stain of blood had flushed
The sunny green of the young virgin earth,
When He did walk with men in shady bowers
And innocent gardens. But when sin grew bold,
The jealous God withdrew unto the hills :
And the bright mists that moved upon the plain,
To gladden and keep fresh the heart of earth,
Were gathered up to Him, and hung in folds
Of glorious cloud before His mountain Throne ;
And everlasting barrenness was bid
To take the hills unto itself, that He
Might have a solitude wherein to dwell.

Behold how He has gifted this His stern
And sacred dwelling-place. Tempests and storms
And the mysterious voices of loud winds,
A thousand lights of beauty, so intense
They make men weep for love of them, and shades
That move obedient to conceal from us
The path of some dear Angel, and o'er all
Bridges of rainbow thrown from peak to peak

THE MOUNT OF VISION

In mystic arches, signs of covenant :—
These are His gifts unto the mighty hills.
And the blue skies are bid by Him to stoop
Unto the mountain-top, that earth may blend
With Heaven ; and away from their cloven sides
The music of ten thousand springs is heard,
Gushing with water—holiest element,
Wherein the power of our New Birth is laid :
Fed ever from the dews of Heaven that fall
When night is coldest ; and free liberal airs
That roam about the mountains, and that come
We know not whence, move o'er the pool unseen,
Like the pure Dove that broods above the Font.
—Fresh are those sources, though no shade is nigh,
Fresh as the wells that stand in natural rock
In summer woods or violet-scented grove,
With lowly flowers all round, and forest breaths
Just come to dimple their still surfaces,
And now and then to scatter the frail leaves
From off the briar-rose that hangs above.

And here and there, far in the lonely glens,
Huge memory-peopled forests stretch along ;
Amid whose glorious tangled aisles, and choirs
Closed in with leafy pinnacles, and shafts
Of tall light trees down which the sunbeam plays,
Our holy sires were taught by God to build
Their venerable Churches, so that He
Might come once more from the eternal hills
To dwell by shrines that mortal hands had reared,
Albeit the pattern of the Holy Place,
Was shown them on the mountain's wooded side !

On the high places of the Holy Church,
Strongholds of prayer and lonely steeps of faith,
Lay the first lights of hope, when all around
Was dark and dreary tumult. Savage wastes
Of black and angry waters rolled along.

THE OPEN VISION

But the strong breath of Him who brooded once
Upon the shapeless seas, closed up the skies
And sealed the fountains of the bursting deep.
When Noe from his single lattice gazed,
The watery gleams of the returning sun
Smiled sadly on the mountain-peaks that rose,
Like islands of the Blest, happy and green.
Unto the mountain-top by impulse drawn,
On Ararat the weary Ark reposed,
Safe anchored there within the rocky veil,
Now muffled by long centuries of snow.
Then were the shades dispelled, and earth was free,
And Stars and Angels shouted round the Throne,
And the victorious Sun broke from the East
Into the sky, beneath a glorious arch
Wreathed with triumphal colours, and the Earth
Sent up a steam of odorous sacrifice
Unto the Threefold majesty of Heaven.

These are the marvels that of right belong
Unto the mountains. So it came to pass
The children of the old dark faiths went up
To worship there, and lit their altar fires
Upon the even cone of some green hill,
Whose very shape seemed pregnant to their eyes
With an unwonted presence, or dim trace
Of Him they sought. Alas! they little knew
Whence their blind worship came, what angel forms
Went often with them to the bleak hill-tops,
And so the spiritual Persian climbed
The lofty steep, to feel his God diffused
In the unbounded blue that was around,
As though the mountain-wind, that did embrace
Himself and all, had been the breath of God.

Oh! come then to these gifted altars, come!
They will unteach thee pride, and gird thee round
With types and mysteries of things above,

THE MOUNT OF VISION

And wrap thy spirit up in many a fold
Of awful vision. Come and wander now
Among their solemn passes, far withdrawn
From every sound except the waterfall,
And eagle's voice, high up among the clouds—
Wondrous as that dread bird that waited once
In Patmos, when the saintly exile saw
The holy Church pass on from east to west,
Like the bright moon, through shadows manifold.

How fixed and calm they look ! Yet on their sides,
Whether by stream or flame impressed, fierce scars
And rugged seams are left as if to tell
Of revolutions past, upheaval slow,
And secular subsidence, and deep grooves
Worn by the ancient glacier on its road,
Like furrows on brave faces made by pain,
The lines of earth's old age. They make the hills
Look old and hoary and yet not the less
Unchangeable ; as if they meant to show
That changes, which efface man's works and ways,
Can only wear God's footprints deeper in,—
For fire and flood are but His chariot wheels.

Behold the heights man's foot hath never trod !
A cloud of prophesy hangs densely there.
In ancient times the Spirit dwelt in hearts
That knew His presence : in these later times
Men prophesy, and know it not ; they strew
The precious treasure up and down, like leaves,
And the wise winds, which are God's Spirit, take
And gather them for Him,—they are not lost.
Thus from all seers, both new and old, like clouds
Drifting in little flocks on autumn days
To one dark treasure-house of storm, each year
The weight of prophesy doth grow, and men
Behold its varying outline, bright and dark,
And watch its swelling form with awe, as though

THE OPEN VISION

It could no more contain the living fire
Which has already shone in palest gleams
Through many a rent and at each radiant fringe.

Come, then, unto the mountains—sit with me
Among the spotted fern ; for God's decrees
Are wrapped about them like a mantle : they,
Whom He foreknew, perchance may lift the veil,
And see His depths within the blessed light
Which kindles love and yet doth not increase
Our knowledge. Come, then, to this trickling spring,
It will remind thee of the morning dew.
Let the huge mountains throw their rugged arms
Around thee, while their virtue goeth out
Into thy heart with hidden sacraments !

F. W. FABER

UNITY

NOW I had suffered in my life, as men
Must suffer still, that children they may grow ;
Suffered to rid me of that self again
Which I had made and chosen and turned to—so
Forgetting the angel self that evermore,
Moveless, while phantom things flit to and fro,
Behold the Father's face, and stand before
The throne of revelation, waiting there,
Till we shall find it, far beyond the roar
Of vain report that hides the world's despair,
And lose ourselves in living. I had borne
Not one pain more than I had need to bear ;
And thus to speak of suffering I would scorn,—
Even in rhyme, but for what next befell :
The trouble all had ebbed like night from morn,

THE MOUNT OF VISION

Dissolved and lost in the absorbing swell
Of some strange peace, a marvel, to me unknown.
As the moon dwelt in heaven, so in me dwell
Did this essential calm. Earth's wail and moan
Lay all behind. Had I then lost my part
In human griefs, my part with them that groan?
" 'Tis weariness," I said; but with a start
That set it trembling, and yet broke it not,
I found the peace was love. O my rich heart!
For in that blue night every glimmering spot
Of window-pane behind which lay a room
Where human being slept—in that soul's lot
I had a part—I cared for that one, whom
I knew not, had not seen, and might not see.
And scarce had love drawn after it its gloom,
Ere a yet mightier love arose in me,
As in a sea a single wave might swell,
And heaved the care up in the centre: we
Had called it prayer, before on sleep I fell;
And then it sank, and all was godlike calm:
I gave each man to God, and all was well.
On my left hand my brother, with one palm
Half-stretched out, open and upward, went
One step before, leading: a heavenly balm
Flowed from his presence—soon with sadness blent.

GEO. MACDONALD
(From *Somnium Mystici*)

THE TWO POETS

WHOSE is the speech
That moves the voices of this lonely beech?
Out of the long West did this wild wind come—
Oh strong and silent! And the tree was dumb,
Ready and dumb until
The dumb gale struck it on the darkened hill.

THE OPEN VISION

Two memories,
Two powers, two promises, two silences
Closed in this cry, closed in these thousand leaves
Articulate. This sudden hour retrieves
The purpose of the past,
Separate, apart—embraced, embraced at last.

“Whose is the word ?
Is it I that spake ? Is it thou ? Is it I that heard ?”
“Thine earth was solitary ; yet I found thee !”
“Thy sky was pathless, but I caught, I bound thee,
Thou visitant divine.”
“O thou my Voice, the word was thine.” “Was
thine.”

ALICE MEYNELL

ILLUMINATION

IT was a close, warm, breezeless summer night,
Wan, dull and glaring with a dripping fog
Low hung and thick that covered all the sky ;
But, undiscouraged, we began to climb
The mountain side. The mist soon girt us round.

When at my feet the ground appeared to brighten,
And with a step or two seemed brighter still ;
Nor was time given to ask or learn the cause,
For instantly a light upon the turf
Fell like a flash, and lo ! as I looked up,
The moon hung naked in a firmament
Of azure without cloud, and at my feet
Rested a silent sea of hoary mist,
A hundred hills their dusky backs upheaved
All over this still ocean ; and beyond,
Far, far beyond, the solid vapours stretched,

THE MOUNT OF VISION

In headlands, tongues, and promontory shapes,
Into the main Atlantic, that appeared
To dwindle, and give up his majesty,
Usurped upon far as the sight could reach,
Not so the ethereal vault ; encroachment none
Was there nor loss ; only the inferior stars
Had disappeared, or shed a fainter light
In the clear presence of the full-orbed moon,
Who, from her sovereign elevation, gazed
Upon the billowy ocean, as it lay
All meek and silent, save that through a rift—
Not distant from the shore whereon we stood
A fixed abysmal, gloomy breathing place—
Mounted the roar of waters, torrents, streams
Innumerable roaring with one voice !
Heard over earth and sea, and, in that hour,
For so it seemed felt by the starry heavens.

When into air had partially dissolved
That vision, given to spirits of the night
And three chance human wanderers, in calm thought
Reflected, it appeared to me the type
Of a majestic intellect, its acts
And its possessions, what it has and craves,
What in itself it is, and would become.
There I beheld the emblem of a mind
That feeds upon infinity, that broods
Over the dark abyss, intent to hear
Its voices issuing forth to silent light
In one continuous stream ; a mind sustained
By recognitions of transcendent power,
In sense conducting to ideal form,
In soul of more than mortal privilege.
One function, above all, of such a mind
Had Nature shadowed there, by putting forth,
'Mid circumstances awful and sublime,

THE OPEN VISION

That mutual domination which she loves
To exert upon the face of outward things,
So moulded, joined, abstracted, so endowed
With interchangeable supremacy,
That men, least sensitive, see, hear, perceive,
And cannot choose but feel. The power, which all
Acknowledge when thus moved, which Nature thus
To bodily sense exhibits, is the express
Resemblance of that glorious faculty
That higher minds bear with them as their own.
This is the very spirit in which they deal
With the whole compass of the universe :
They from their native selves can send abroad
Kindred mutations ; for themselves create
A like existence ; and whene'er it dawns
Created for them, catch it, or are caught
By its inevitable mastery,
Like angels stopped upon the wing by sound
Of harmony from Heaven's remotest spheres.
Them the enduring and the transient both
Serve to exalt ; they build up greatest things
From least suggestions ; ever on the watch,
Willing to work and to be wrought upon,
They need not extraordinary calls
To rouse them ; in a world of life they live,
By sensible impressions not enthralled,
But by their quickening impulse made more prompt
To hold fit converse with the spiritual world,
And with the generations of mankind
Spread over time, past, present and to come,
Age after age, till Time shall be no more.
Such minds are truly from the Deity,
For they are Powers ; and hence the highest bliss
That flesh can know is theirs—the consciousness
Of whom they are, habitually infused
Through every image and through every thought,

THE MOUNT OF VISION

And all affections by communion raised
From earth to heaven, from human to divine ;
Hence endless occupation for the soul,
Whether discursive or intuitive ;
Hence cheerfulness for acts of daily life,
Emotions which best foresight need not fear,
Most worthy then of trust when most intense.
Hence, amid ills that vex and wrongs that crush
Our hearts—if here the words of Holy Writ
May with fit reverence be applied—that peace
Which passes understanding, that repose
In moral judgments which from this pure source
Must come or will by man be sought in vain.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
(From *The Prelude*)

CONTEMPLATION

THOU,— as represented here by me
In such conception as my soul allows,—
Under Thy measureless, my atom width !—
Man's mind, what is it but a convex glass
Wherein are gathered all the scattered points
Picked out of the immensity of sky,
To reunite there, be our heaven for earth,
Our known unknown, our God revealed in man ?
Existent somewhere, somehow, as a whole ;
Here as a whole proportioned to our sense,—
There, (which is nowhere, speech must babble thus !)
In the absolute immensity, the whole
Appreciable solely by Thyself,—
Here, by the little mind of man, reduced
To littleness that suits his faculty,
In the degree appreciable too ;
Between Thee and ourselves—nay even, again,
Below us, to the extreme of the minute,

THE OPEN VISION

Appreciable by how many and what diverse
Modes of the life Thou madest be ! (Why live
Except for love,—how love unless they know ?)
Each of them, only filling to the edge,
Insect or angel, his just length and breadth,
Due facet of reflection—full, no less,
Angel or insect, as Thou framest things.

ROBERT BROWNING

(From *The Ring and the Book*)

THE SOUL ASPIRES

LOVE, light for me
Thy ruddiest blazing torch
That I, albeit a beggar by the Porch
Of the glad Palace of Virginity,
May gaze within, and sing the pomp I see ;
For, crown'd with roses all,
'Tis there, O Love, they keep thy festival !
But first warn off the beatific spot
Those wretched who have not
Even afar beheld the shining wall,
And those who, once beholding, have forgot,
And those, most vile, who dress
The charnel spectre drear
Of utterly dishallow'd nothingness
In that refulgent fame,
And cry, Lo here !
And name
The Lady whose smiles inflame
The sphere.
Bring, Love, anear,
And bid not be afraid
Young Lover true, and love-foreboding maid,
And wedded Spouse, if virginal in thought ;
For I will sing of nought

THE MOUNT OF VISION

Less sweet to hear
Than seems
A music in their half-remember'd dreams.

The magnet calls the steel :
Answers the iron to the magnet's breath ;
What do they feel
But death !

The clouds of summer kiss in flame and rain,
And are not found again ;
But the heavens themselves eternal are with fire
Of unapproach'd desire,
By the aching heart of Love, which cannot rest,
In blissfullest pathos so indeed possess'd.

O, spousals high ;
O, doctrine blest,
Unutterable in even the happiest sigh ;

This know ye all

Who can recall

With what a welling of indignant tears

Love simpleness first hears

The meaning of his mortal covenant

And from what pride comes down

To wear the crown

Of which 'twas very heaven to feel the want.

How envies he the ways

Of yonder hopeless star,

And so would laugh and yearn

With trembling lids eterne,

Ineffably content from infinitely far

Only to gaze

On his bright Mistress's responding rays,

That never know eclipse ;

And, once in his long year,

With præternuptial ecstasy and fear,

By the delicious law of that ellipse

Wherein all citizens of ether move,

THE OPEN VISION

With hastening pace to come
Nearer, though never near,
His Love
And always inaccessible sweet Home ;
There on his path doubly to burn,
Kiss'd by her doubled light
That whispers of its source,
The ardent secret ever clothed with Night,
Then go forth in new force
Towards a new return,
Rejoicing as a Bridegroom in his course !
This know ye all ;
Therefore gaze bold,
That so in you be joyful hope increas'd,
Thorough the Palace portals, and behold
The dainty and unsating Marriage-Feast.
O, hear
Them singing clear
"Cor meum et caro mea" round the "I am,"
The Husband of the Heavens, and the Lamb
Whom they for ever follow there that kept,
Or losing, never slept
Till they reconquer'd had in mortal fight
The standard white.
O, hear
From the harps they bore from earth, five-strung, what
 music springs,
While the glad Spirits chide
The wondering strings !
And how the shining sacrificial Choirs,
Offering for aye their dearest hearts' desires,
Which to their hearts come back beatified,
Hymn, the bright aisles along,
The nuptial song,
Song ever new to us and them, that saith,
"Hail Virgin in Virginité a Spouse !"

THE MOUNT OF VISION

Heard first below
Within the little house
At Nazareth ;
Heard yet in many a cell where brides of Christ
Lie hid, emparadised,
And where although
By the hour 'tis night,
There's light,
The Day still lingers in the lap of snow.
Gaze and be not afraid
Ye wedded few that honour, in sweet thought
And glittering will,
So freshly from the garden gather still
The lily sacrificed ;
For ye, though self-suspected here for nought,
Are highly styled
With the thousands twelve times twelve of undefiled,
Gaze and be not afraid
Young Lover true and love foreboding maid.
The full noon of deific vision bright
Abashes nor abates
No spark minute of Nature's keen delight,
'Tis there your Hymen waits !
There where in courts afar, all unconfused, they crowd,
As fumes the starlight soft
In gulfs of cloud,
And each to the other, well content,
Sighs oft,
“ 'Twas this we meant ! ”
Gaze without blame
Ye in whom living Love yet blushes for dead shame.
There of pure Virgins none
Is fairer seen,
Save One,
Than Mary Magdalene.
Gaze without doubt or fear

THE OPEN VISION

Ye to whom generous Love, by any name, is dear.
Love makes the life to be
A fount perpetual of virginity ;
For, lo, the Elect.
Of generous Love, how named soe'er, affect
Nothing but God,
Or meditate or direct,
Nothing but God,
The Husband of the Heavens :
And who Him love, in potency great and small,
Are, one and all,
Heirs of the Palace glad,
And inly clad
With the bridal robes of ardour virginal.

COVENTRY PATMORE
(*Deliciæ Sapientiæ de Amore*)

THE OFFERING OF A FULL HEART

THESE barren rocks, your stern inheritance ;
These fertile fields, that recompense your pains ;
The shadowy vale, the sunny mountain-top ;
Woods waving in the wind their lofty heads,
Or hushed ; the roaring waters, and the still—
They see the offering of my lifted hands,
They hear my lips present my sacrifice,
They know if I be silent, morn or even ;
For, though in whispers speaking, the full heart
Will find a vent ; and thought is praise to him,
Audible praise, to thee, omniscient mind,
From whom all gifts descend, all blessings flow.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
(From *The Excursion*)

THE MOUNT OF VISION

HYMN OF PRAISE

(FROM *THE HOLY NATIVITY*)

WELCOME, all wonders in one sight !
Eternity, shut in a span.

Summer in winter. Day in night.

Heaven in Earth, and God in man.

Great little one, whose all-embracing birth
Lifts earth to heav'n, stoops heav'n to earth.

Welcome, though nor to gold nor silk,
To more than Cæsar's birthright is ;
Two sister-seas of Virgin-milk,
With many a rarely temper'd kiss
That breathes at once both maid and mother.
Warms in the one, cools in the other.

Welcome, though not to those gay flies
Gilded the Beams of earthly kings ;
Slippery souls in smiling eyes ;
But to poor shepherd's home-spun things :
Whose wealth's their flock ; whose wit, to be
Well read in their simplicity.

Yet when young April's husband show'rs
Shall bless the fruitful Maia's bed
We'll bring the firstborn of her flow'rs
To kiss Thy feet and crown Thy head.
To Thee, dread lamb ! Whose love must keep
The shepherds, more than they the sheep.
To Thee, meek Majesty ! soft king
Of simple Graces, and sweet Loves.
Each of us his lamb will bring
Each his pair of silver doves ;
Till burnt at last in fire of Thy fair eyes,
Our selves become our own best sacrifice.

RICHARD CRASHAW

THE OPEN VISION

TEARS

O WHEN my God, my Glory, brings
His white and holy train
Unto those clear and living springs
Where comes no stain.

Where all is light, and flowers, and fruit,
And joy and rest,
Make me amongst them—'tis my suit!—
The last one, and the least.

And when they all are fed, and have
Drunk of Thy living stream,
Bid Thy poor ass—with tears I crave!—
Drink after them.

Thy love claims highest thanks, my sin
The lowest pitch :
But if he pays, who loves much, then
Thou hast made beggars rich.

HENRY VAUGHAN

ADVENT

I WAITED : He is come. Oh, I have dreamed
Of Him and doubted ; now, I understand,—
In all the day it was His glory gleamed,
In all the darkness I have touched His hand.

'Tis the new life beginning ; now I see
This cell is grown too small to hold me : I
Am driven out by joy's necessity,
For if I were to linger, joy must die.

THE MOUNT OF VISION

So I must out and on. Fling the door wide.

Good Porter, whether thou be life or death !

These narrow walls are not for me, outside

The whole world breathes the wonder of His breath.

HENRY BRYAN BINNS

THE WITNESS OF CREATION

(FROM SAUL)

I HAVE gone the whole round of creation : I saw
and I spoke :

I, a work of God's hand for that purpose, received in my
brain

And pronounced on the rest of his handiwork—returned
him again

His creation's approval or censure : I spoke as I saw :

I report, as a man may of God's work—all's love yet all's
law.

Now I lay down the judgeship he lent me. Each faculty
tasked

To perceive him, has gained an abyss, where a dewdrop
was asked.

Have I knowledge ? confounded it shrivels at Wisdom
laid bare.

Have I forethought ? how purblind, how blank, to the
Infinite Care !

Do I task any faculty highest, to image success ?

I but open my eyes,—and perfection, no more and no less,

In the kind I imagined, full fronts me, and God is seen
God

In the star, in the stone, in the flesh, in the soul and the
clod.

And thus looking within and around me, I ever renew

(With that stoop of the soul which in bending upraises
it too)

THE OPEN VISION

The submission of man's nothing-perfect to God's all-complete,

As by each new obeisance in spirit, I climb to his feet.
Yet with all this abounding experience, this deity known,
I shall dare to discover some province, some gift of my own.

There's a faculty pleasant to exercise, hard to hoodwink,
I am fain to keep still in abeyance, (I laugh as I think,)
Lest, insisting to claim and parade it, wot ye, I worst
E'en the Giver in one gift.—Behold, I could love if I durst !

But I sink the pretension as fearing a man may o'ertake
God's own speed in the one way of love : I abstain for love's sake.

— What, my soul ? see thus far and no farther ? When
doors great and small,

Nine-and-ninety flew ope at our touch, should the
hundredth appal ?

In the least things have faith, yet distrust in the greatest
of all ?

Do I find love so full in my nature, God's ultimate gift,
That I doubt his own love can compete with it ? Here,
the parts shift ?

Here, the creature surpass the Creator,—the end, what
Began ?

Would I fain in my impotent yearning do all for this man,
And dare doubt he alone shall not help him, who yet
alone can ?

Would it ever have entered my mind, the bare will, much
less power,

To bestow on this Saul what I sang of, the marvellous
dower

Of the life he was gifted and filled with ? to make such
a soul,

Such a body, and then such an earth for insphering the
whole ?

THE MOUNT OF VISION

And doth it not enter my mind (as my warm tears
attest)

These good things being given, to go on, and give one
more, the best?

Ay, to save and redeem and restore him, maintain at the
height

This perfection,—succeed with life's day spring, death's
minute of night?

Interpose at the difficult minute, snatch Saul the mistake,
Saul the failure, the ruin he seems now,—and bid him
awake

From the dream, the probation, the prelude, to find him-
self set

Clear and safe in new light and new life,—a new har-
mony yet

To be run and continued and ended—who knows?—or
endure!

The man taught enough, by life's dream, of the rest to
make sure:

By the pain throb, triumphantly winning intensified
bliss,

And the next world's reward and repose, by the struggles
of this.

I believe it! 'Tis thou, God, that givest, 'tis I who
receive:

In the first is the last, in thy will is my power to believe.

All's one gift: thou canst grant it, moreover, as prompt
to my prayer

As I breathe out this breath, as I open these arms to the
air.

From thy will, stream the worlds, life and nature, thy
dread Sabaoth:

I will?—the mere atoms despise me! Why am I not
loth

To look that, even that in the face too? Why is it I
dare

THE OPEN VISION

Think but lightly of such impuissance ? What stops my despair ?

This :—'tis not what man Does that exalts him, but what man Would do !

See the king—I would help him but cannot, the wishes fall through.

Could I wrestle to save him from sorrow, grow poor to enrich,

To fill up his life, starve my own out, I would—knowing which,

I know that my service is perfect. Oh, speak through me now !

Would I suffer for him that I love ? So wouldst thou—so wilt thou !

So shall crown thee the topmost, ineffablest, uttermost crown—

And thy love fill infinitude wholly, nor leave up nor down One spot for the creature to stand in ! It is by no breath, Turn of eye, wave of hand, that salvation joins issue with death !

As thy Love is discovered almighty, almighty be proved Thy power, that exists with and for it, of being Beloved ! He who did most shall bear most ; the strongest shall stand the most weak.

'Tis the weakness in strength that I cry for ! my flesh that I seek

In the Godhead ! I seek and I find it. O Saul, it shall be A Face like my face that receives thee ; a Man like to me, Thou shalt love and be loved by, for ever : a Hand like this hand

Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee ! See the Christ stand !

I know not too well how I found my way home in the night,

There were witnesses, cohorts about me, to left and to right,

THE MOUNT OF VISION

Angels, powers, the unuttered, unseen, the alive, the aware :

I repressed, I got through them as hardly, as strugglingly there,

As a runner beset by the populace famished for news—
Life or death. The whole earth was awakened, hell
loosed with her crews ;

And the stars of night beat with emotion, and tingled and shot

Out in fire the strong pain of pent knowledge : but I
fainted not,

For the Hand still impelled me at once and supported,
suppressed

All the tumult, and quenched it with quiet, and holy
behest,

Till the rapture was shut in itself, and the earth sank to
rest.

Anon at the dawn all that trouble had withered from
earth—

Not so much, but I saw it die out in the day's tender
birth ;

In the gathered intensity brought to the grey of the hills,
In the shuddering forests' held breath ; in the sudden
wind thrills ;

In the startled wild beasts that bore off, each with eye
sidling still

Though averted with wonder and dread ; in the birds
stiff and chill

That rose heavily, as I approached them, made stupid with
awe ;

E'en the serpent that slid away silent,—he felt the new
law.

The same stared in the white humid faces upturned by
the flowers ;

The same worked in the heart of the cedar and moved
the vine-bowers :

THE OPEN VISION

And the little brooks witnessing murmured, persistent
and low,
With their obstinate, all but hushed voices,—“E’en so, it
is so!”

ROBERT BROWNING

THE VISION

FLIGHT is but the preparative. The sight
Is deep and infinite,
Ah me! ’tis all the glory, love, light, space,
Joy, beauty, and variety
That doth adorn the Godhead’s dwelling-place,
’Tis all that eye can see.
Even trades themselves seen in celestial light,
And cares and sins and woes are bright.

Order the beauty even of beauty is,
It is the rule of bliss,
The very life and form and cause of pleasure;
Which if we do not understand,
Ten thousand heaps of vain confused treasure
Will but oppress the land.
In blessedness itself that we shall miss.
Being blind, which is the cause of bliss.

First, then, behold the world as thine, and well
Note that where thou dost dwell.
See all the beauty of the spacious case,
Lift up thy pleased and ravisht eyes
Admire the glory of the Heavenly place,
And all its blessings prize.
That sight well seen thy spirit shall prepare,
The first makes all the others rare.

THE MOUNT OF VISION

Men's woes shall be but foils unto thy bliss :

Thou once enjoying this :

Trades shall adorn and beautify the earth,

Their ignorance shall make thee bright,

Were not their griefs Democritus his mirth ?

Their faults shalt keep thee right ;

All shall be thine, because they all conspire,

To feed and make thy glory higher.

To see a glorious fountain and an end,

To see all creatures tend

To thy advancement, and so sweetly close

In thy repose : to see them shine

In use, in worth, in service, and even foes

Among the rest made thine :

To see all these unite at once in thee

Is to behold felicity.

To see the fountain is a blessed thing,

It is to see the King

Of Glory face to face : but yet the end,

The glorious, wondrous end is more ;

And yet the fountain there we comprehend,

The spring we there adore :

For in the end the fountain best is shown,

As by effects the cause is known.

From one, to one, in one to see all things,

To see the King of Kings

But once in two ; to see His endless treasures

Made all my own, myself the end

Of all his labours ! 'Tis the life of pleasures,

To see myself His friend !

Who all things finds conjoined in Him alone,

Sees and enjoys the Holy One.

THOMAS TRAHERNE

THE OPEN VISION

"MY BELOVED IS MINE"

E'EN like two little bank-dividing brooks,
That wash the pebbles with their wanton streams,
And having rang'd and search'd a thousand nooks,
Meet both at length in silver-breasted Thames,
Where in a greater current they conjoin :
So I my best beloved's am ; so he is mine.

E'en so we met : and after long pursuit,
E'en so we join'd ; we both became entire :
No need for either to renew a suit,
For I was flax and he was flames of fire.
Our firm united souls did more than twine ;
So I my best beloved's am ; so he is mine.

If all those glitt'ring monarchs, that command
The servile quarters of this earthly ball,
Should tender, in exchange, their shares of land,
I would not change my fortunes for them all ;
Their wealth is but a counter to my coin ;
The world's but theirs ; but my beloved's mine.

Nay, more ; if the fair Thespian ladies all
Should heap together their diviner treasure,
That treasure should be deemed a price too small
To buy a minute's lease of half my pleasure ;
'Tis not the sacred wealth of all the nine
Can buy my heart from him, or his from being mine.

Nor time, nor place, nor chance, nor death, can vow
My least desires unto the least remove ;
He's firmly mine by oath ; I his by vow :
He's mine by faith ; and I am his by love :
He's mine by water ; I am his by wine ;
Thus I my best beloved's am ; thus he is mine.

THE MOUNT OF VISION

He is my altar ; I his holy place :

I am his guest ; and he my living food :

I'm his by penitence ; he mine by grace ;

I'm his by purchase ; he is mine by blood :

He's my supporting helm ; and I his vine :

Thus I my best beloved's am ; thus he is mine.

He gives me wealth ; I give him all my vows :

I give him songs ; he gives me length of days :

With wreaths of grace he crowns my conqu'ring brows ;

And I his temples with a crown of praise,

Which he accepts ; as everlasting sign
That I my best beloved's am ; that he is mine.

FRANCIS QUARLES

IN NO STRANGE LAND

O WORLD invisible, we view thee,
O world intangible, we touch thee,
O world unknowable, we know thee,
Inapprehensible, we clutch thee.

Does the fish soar to find the ocean,
The eagle plunge to find the air—
That we ask of the stars in motion
If they have rumour of thee there !

Not where the wheeling systems darken,
And our benumbed conceiving soars !—
The drift of pinions, would we hearken,
Beats at our own clay-shuttered doors.

The angels keep their ancient places ;—
Turn but a stone, and start a wing !
'Tis ye, 'tis your estrangèd faces,
That miss the many-splendoured thing.

THE OPEN VISION

But (when so sad thou canst not sadder)
Cry;—and upon thy so sore loss
Shall shine the traffic of Jacop's ladder
Pitched betwixt Heaven and Charing Cross.

Yea, in the night, my Soul, my daughter,
Cry,—clinging Heaven by the hems,
And lo, Christ walking on the water
Not of Genesareth, but Thames!

FRANCIS THOMPSON

L'ENVOI

O THE new world's new-quick'ning Sun!
Ever the same, and never done!
The seers of whose sacred light
Shall all be dress'd in shining white,
And made conformable to His
Immortal shape, Who wrought their bliss;
Arise, arise!
And like old clothes fold up these skies,
This long-worn veil; then shine and spread
Thy own bright Self over each head,
And through Thy creatures pierce and pass,
Till all become Thy cloudless glass,
Transparent as the purest day,
And without blemish or decay,
Fix'd by Thy Spirit to a state
For evermore immaculate;
A state fit for the sight of Thy
Immediate, pure, and unveil'd eye,
A state for which Thy creatures all
Travail and groan, and look and call.
O seeing Thou hast paid our score,
Why should the curse reign any more?

THE MOUNT OF VISION

But since Thy number is as yet
Unfinish'd, we shall gladly sit
Till all be ready, that the train
May fully fit Thy glorious reign.
Only let not our haters brag
Thy seamless coat is grown a rag,
Or that Thy truth was not here known,
Because we forc'd Thy judgments down.
Dry up their arms who vex Thy Spouse,
And take the glory of Thy house
To deck their own ; then give Thy saints
That faithful zeal, which neither faints
Nor wildly burns, but meekly still
Dares own the truth, and show the ill.

So shall we know in war and peace
Thy service to be our sole ease,
With prostrate souls adoring Thee,
Who turn'd our sad captivity !

HENRY VAUGHAN

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